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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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THIRTY DAYS IN PETEN, GUATEMALA.

September 23 to October 24, 1922

DIARY OF FATHER A. VERSAVEL, S. J.

Petén, Itzá—The cradle of a once undaunted Maya Tribe, the last Indians to submit to the rule of Spain, after maintaining their old bloody sacrifices and Idol worship for one hundred and seventy-two years, under the very eyes, it might be said, and in open defiance of the Spanish Conquerors reigning in Merida, Yucatan—the theatre of "Four Entradas" of valiant Missionaries, such as Fuensalida, Orbita, Delgado and "Avendano y Loyola", some of whom lost their lives in a vain endeavor to substitute the meek rule of Christ for the barbarous worship of Itzamna!

What man living near its border, aware of its past glory and hearing of its picturesque beauty could remain indifferent to its romantic past and not long to set foot on its historical shore? From our little mole-hill in Benque Viejo, Father Stanton and myself used to watch the setting sun shedding its parting rays over the hills of the west behind a pile of clouds many hued, but all of living gold, and said to each other, "There lies Petén!" but we did not think of entering the Jesuit forbidden ground beyond Plancha de Piedra, five hundred yards across the line. Father Stanton left this world March 10th, 1910, and is now looking at Petén from the top of the Eternal Hills. Twelve years later, on April 14, 1922, sudden circumstances pointed to an imperative call to

Petén. Father José Maria Pinelo, the octogenarian Pastor of Flores got grievously sick. He had been ministering the Department of Petén (fifteen thousand square miles) all alone, for the last thirty years, and of course, could not be left to die without the last Holy Sacraments. Father Pinelo was ordained priest at the age of fifty after the death of his wife, in order to provide a Pastor for the District; and his son Julian residing in Guatemala City, passed through Benque Viejo on that day (April 14, Good Friday) hurrying to his father's bedside. He left for Flores on the following day, promising to inform me, upon his arrival, of the condition of the priest's health and to send a guide and mules to bring me to Flores if Father Pinelo were in danger of death. No message was ever sent to me; and the poor old priest was left to die (May 7, 1922) without the comfort of the Sacraments he had administered so often to his dying parishioners. On the following Sunday, May 14, Julian Pinelo returned to Guatemala City and passing through Benque Viejo gave me a number of reasons and excuses for not having called me to Flores, the principal one being a threat made by Jefe Sierra to have "that D—— American Jesuit" lodged in his jail if he dared to come to Flores. Subsequent inquiries made by myself confirmed the veracity of Don Julian Pinelo's assertion.

On August 7, a letter from Petén was delivered to me, heavy in news and surprise—an invitation to visit Flores without delay. Seven young men of whose existence I had never heard, eager for marriage, have taken it upon themselves to get me to Petén. Without consulting me or anyone else, they have sent a telegram to President Orellana on July 24, asking that I be permitted to come and marry them and baptize the numerous children left without the sacred water of regeneration, since Father Pinelo's death.

The official answer of the President reads as follows:

> A Eduardo Carío y demas firmantes
> De Casa Presidencial 25 de Julio de 1922.
>
> Recibido en Flores P. a las 8:40 P. M. Contreras O. No hay inconveniente, siempre que sea para esas ceremonias solamente.
>
> (Signed) J. Ma. Orellana.

The telephone should have carried the news to Very Reverend Father Kammerer in Belize in less than an

hour, but the line was out of order, as usual; and my message took forty-eight hours to reach Belize. The answer came "His Lordship Bishop Hopkins has gone to Guatemala to invest the Archbishop with the Pallium, and nothing can be done till his return." Two problems thus must be solved. The first: Shall I be allowed to go to Petén? The second: How shall I get to Petén? Senor Carío says he will pay my expenses; but as I am not aware of the financial standing of that gentleman, and have no financial standing of my own, I find myself facing the quandary of a common chiclero awaiting the advance of his patron, before starting for the chicle bush. Meanwhile the Archbishop of Guatemala, Luis Javier Munoz y Capuron, and His Lordship of Belize are parading in Cope, Mitre and Crozier, the street of the Guatemala Capital, enthusiastically saluted by the overwhelmingly Catholic population and serenely unconscious of the fact that President Orellana is getting ready a decree exiling the Archbishop from the country.

Bishop Hopkins returned to Belize on August the 18, and learning of my intended expedition to Flores, Petén, wrote me at once, giving his approval to the journey. His letter reached me September 3, together with a note of Very Reverend Father Superior. Father Kammerer says "I may start any day I please." His Lordship writes again under date of September 4.

"A revolution against the Guatemalan Government has been suppressed and it is now absolutely impossible for Jesuits to be allowed in Pètén. You had better avail yourself of the leave to enter while it lasts. Any day it may be rescinded. They are imprisoning and shooting good Catholics in Guatemala City and may soon turn their attention to other districts."

Upon the receipt of these two notes I despatched a letter to Sr. Eduardo Carío of Flores, with a request that he send me at once five mules and a guide for the voyage, and then, in Central American fashion, sat me down to wait.

I would say that the average man does his main work in life within the space of about thirty years. Most of us are "green" and do little worth while till twenty-five or thirty. We are "efficient" in various degrees from twenty-five to fifty-five or sixty. After two score years and ten, if we have not yet done anything worth while, we seldom begin to do anything worth mentioning. When an exceptional man does service to the years of eighty or more, it is generally the consequence of his having be-

gun to be useful at thirty. I have seldom found a fool of forty converted to wisdom at eighty, or a loafer of thirty-five an active man at sixty. There may be exceptions. One may run across a double-headed hen and a sixteen-legged pig. Their very existence emphasizes the fact that a regular hen has but one head, and a legitimate pig walks on four legs. The argument applies to human hens and pigs.

What is all this about? It is merely a justification, offered beforehand to palliate many shortcomings during this journey to Petén, Itzá. I am now fifty-two years of age—and nearing the term of efficiency and having never done anything particularly great in the past, it would be unnatural for me to do anything great in the future. If, with God's grace, I manage to do my duty fairly well, I shall have reason to be grateful to Him, in plenty. I have, however to spur me on, the ever-consoling thought for the Jesuit: I am going to Petén with the blessing of my Superior and at the order of my Bishop.

BENQUE VIEJO SEPTEMBER 13, 1922.

The devil is putting in his paw. On September 3, I wrote the Petén people to send to Benque Viejo the guide and the mules needed for the journey. The letter was of the "Special Delivery" class, and was entrusted to a "Correo muy formal," who was sure to deliver it to Sr. Eduardo Carío in less than three days. The "Muy Formal" courier received the letter in Benque Viejo, crossed the Rio Mopan to Plancha, the Guatemala Frontier Post; got drunk that night, but being "formal" left Plancha promptly on the following morning, arrived at Flores on September 7, and then, remembered that he had left in Plancha the "Special Delivery Letter" confided to his care. Another "Correo Formal" was dispatched at once to Plancha, and duly got there on September 10; found the letter pinned to the wall, spent a couple of days "paseando" and left for Flores on September 12, with the forgotten letter of September 3, and an additional letter of September 11, telling Sr. Carío that if the guide and mules for the journey did not appear in Benque Viejo on September 18, I would not go to Flores at all—that I did not consider the voyage in the light of a picnic, etc.—just as a man will write when in a bad temper. On the following day I felt sorry for my haste, and wished that that

letter too were left in Plancha pinned to a wall. I should have been satisfied with the explanation of the Commandante of Plancha intimating that I was rather lucky at having my first message found safe on the wall of his office, as it is quite a common occurrence to have letters lost on the way to Flores from Benque Viejo and vice versa. Instead of being patient I have lost my temper, even before beginning my journey and have demanded an almost impossible thing: getting means of transportation placed at my disposal in Benque Viejo, four or five days after ordering them from Flores. And all this after Father Superior's admonition that I use a great deal of patience and prudence!

Had I learned to govern my feeling at 25, I would not have made this blunder at 52. May the ill-tempered epistle have none but the good effect of arousing the Peteneros to action.

BENQUE VIEJO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1922

Father Fenoughty arrived last night tired of a previous trip from down the river. The Peteneros, either men or mules have not "balaamed" to me. This evening I received the shocking news that Archbishop Munoz has been expelled from the Guatemala Capital without previous notice or warning.

BENQUE VIEJO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1922

I decide to go to Plancha in order to find out whether the decree of Orellana (September 6) exiling the Archbishop is responsible for the delay in my voyage; and discover that the officials of Plancha know less than myself about the political situation in the capital. They are courteous to a fault, and tell me they have received orders from the Governor of Petén to extend me every service in their power.

BENQUE VIEJO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1922

At 3:30 P. M. came letters from Petén with a remittance of $100.00 to Esteban Cano from Eduardo Cario, asking him to find means of transportation for the Padre and bring him to Flores. Don Esteban is a reliable man. I tell him to take charge of the expedition and to be responsible for the money spent.

BENQUE VIEJO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1922

Don Esteban Cano has concluded a deal with Guerra Hermanos of forty dollars for five mules and an arriero to take us to Flores tomorrow.

The party consists of Padre Arturo; Esteban Cano, companion and cook; Rufilo Cocom, sacristan; Gregorio Zetina, guide and master of mules; and by special request, Mr. Kuylen who is going to try his medical skill on the Peteneros. We are supposed to "entrain" at 8:00 A. M. tomorrow. Father Fenoughty is pastor of Benque Viejo from this moment.

BENQUE VIEJO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1922

We cross the river and mount our mules at exactly 8 o'clock, a few Benque people coming to the river side to see us off. Arriving at Plancha at 8:15 we discover that our baggage has been given free pass at the port of entry, and is on the way to Petén since seven o'clock. We are now granted our own passports, Kuylen and myself paying $2.00 oro as "estrangeros." the others $2.00 sols (forty cents) as "hijos del pais." At 9 A. M, we strike the road to the "laguna of Yaxhá", eight leagues distant. The journey is divided by four stopping places where water can be found—"El Saya" is two leagues from Plancha and has a fine, clean, cool spring. "Gabilan" is two leagues further west, and boasts of a house, but of little water—at times, none. "Laguna Santa Cruz" has the filthiest liquid that crocodiles and frogs will consent to bathe in. Yaxhá is a revelation. The main lagoon cannot be less than five miles long by one or two in width. The other lagoon is about two miles by one and one-half. The water is clear. There is a settlement of about sixty-five people on a narrow peninsula dividing the two lagoons in summer. In the rainy season the two lagoons join and form a continuous lake.

The good people of Yaxhá, half of them my old parishioners of Benque Viejo, had made ready for a glorious welcome. A small pig and some chickens had lost their lives in order to keep up ours. The Cabildo had been swept and the principal "Santos" of the people were hanging around the walls. Two altars challenged our devotion. But alas! Some incidents attending the journey had made most of us unfit for banquets. Dr. Kuylen had been thrown off his mule three times, and only wished for a soft place on which to lay his well-nigh

broken head. The Padre suffered from chills and fever. The boy Rufilo only cared for his hammock. Even Don Esteban Cano, and the well seasoned guide had little appetite. It was five o'clock P. M. by this time. By six o'clock we had laid ourselves down to sleep. To sleep? No Senor! To be tortured by the mosquitos; to seek refuge from the plague under a blanket, and emerge in a minute's time in boiling perspiration; only to duck under again to avoid the fatal sting, No one slept but the boy who kept up talking all night in half-conscious misery.

LAGUNA OF YAXHA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1922. SUNDAY.

We are all on foot before daybreak. Mass at six with a few men and women present—then a baptism of a boy, two years old who protests strongly against the ceremony. After Mass I call off the journey till to-morrow. It is Sunday and we are all tired. Better lay off in Yaxhá. Why travel on Sunday anyhow? At five o'clock rosary and a short instruction "Be faithful to your prayers." At 6.30 P. M. we lie down for another sleepless night.

LAGUNA OF YAXHA, SEPTEMBER 25, 1922

We are up at daybreak—no Mass—We have to make seventeen or eighteen leagues today, so we get off before six, reaching San Clemente at one P. M., where we lunch and Macanché at four P. M. Macanché has a lake, with an island and three small lagoons near by, but only one house where we put up for the night. We get our first sleep of the journey and have a fine breakfast of fresh fish and eggs in the morning and then,

MACANCHE, SEPTEMBER 26, 1922

get off the last day of the journey, two leagues of four miles each. On the way we see a lagoon to the right (Sac-Peten) said to be teeming with fish, and at nine o'clock find ourselves at Ixpop, where a motor dory and a delegation of five men from Flores, are awaiting us with loads of breakfast and tons of good will and welcome. At 10 A. M. we embark. The lake is simply grand! We travel almost due west for three hours on clear water as blue as the Caribbean Sea. On the right, about two or three miles away rises a high range of hills;

on the left, lower lands, but singularly devoid of the swampy vegetation which generally accompanies stagnant waters. It is a beautiful sight, reminding me of a ride on the upper Hudson river. If both sides were of equal height and the lake less peaceful, I might imagine myself 3,000 miles further north. Gradually, to the right, two small spots of yellow become visible. They are the Indian village of San José and its more pretentious neighbor San Andres. San Andres looks quite imposing, and grows more interesting, when I am told that it contains about thirty unbaptised children. The motor boat now begins to circle to the south and I am told that we are near Flores. To the left, the level of the shore rises higher. It is the peninsula, the ancient Petén-Itzá, or Tayasal; the site of Mr. Morley's late discoveries. I recognize it at once by its mounds, which are quite apparent, though covered with wild vegetation. I hope I shall find time to see the results of the excavations made by my friends Morley and Güthe of the Carnegie Institution. Then, on a sudden, the island of Petén with the modern Flores comes in view, quite near, its fine old church rising high above the town. The shore is covered with people, and a big motor boat is setting out to meet our party with a crowd of ladies and a double set of marimbas. Our motor gets alongside: we shake hands and exchange salutations for some ten minutes and proceed together to the landing place. Some of the youngsters grow so enthusiastic that they lose their footing on planks and dorys and take a ducking in the shallow water to the great amusement of all spectators. We set foot upon the island at 1:10 P. M. amidst the crowd of at least 800 people. New shaking of new hands, embraces from men, women, girls and children! Showers of flowers! I play the role of Bishop for at least 15 minutes. I suggest presenting myself to the Jefe Don Jacinto Solórzano—"No! No! To the church first!" After a short prayer of thanks, we recite the Our Father, Hail Mary and Gloria—I thank the people for their kind reception and announce "Rezo del Rosario" for 5:30 P. M. Half the crowd accompanies me to pay my respects to the Colonel Jefe Don Jacinto Solórzano, who receives me most cordially, refuses to look at my passports or to examine my baggage. With him are Don Prospero Pinelo, Commandante de la Plaza and Don Asisclo Alvarado, both excellent men, whom I have known for years. From there we pass to the house of Señora Teresa Cano, where I am to eat breakfast again under the inspection

of three hundred pairs of eyes and the musical encouragement of the ever present marimbas. It is a rather strenuous task, but I manage to gulp down two soft boiled eggs and a cup of very sweet coffee. Twenty pounds of beef and at least ten pounds of "frijoles" have no attraction for me. From the banquet hall we turn, always in procession, to my house, number seven, Calle Central, a very good one story stone building with a water tank attached and other commodities seldom found together in these parts. My baggage has been brought up and Gloria Alleluia! there are a big basin and full water pitcher to cheer the traveller who has not shaved or washed or changed clothes for nearly four days. So I gently get the young ones out of doors and take my ablutions in Christian privacy. How good it feels! Down with mortification for a while, while we pick the ticks from our flesh and anoint the sore spots with blessed Campho-Phenol.

An inspection of the Church relieves my grave apprehension: The Blessed Sacrament is not there! Father Urrutia consumed it six weeks ago. It had been lying there, since the end of February when old Father Pinelo said Mass for the last time.

Here is a theological point for moralists. Is not a priest dying alone, and uncertain of a successor, allowed to give Communion to himself and consume the Sacred Species, even if brought to him by a layman? I am decidedly for the affirmative—i. e., "permittitur etiamsi non teneatur." The church is fine, with stone walls from three to six feet in thickness, in the style of the old California Missions. It needs repairs, which could give it 500 more years of life. It will hold well 1200 people.

The sacred vessels are on a par with the church walls, thick and clumsily made, but heavy in material. Chalices, ciboria, candle sticks, thuribles, etc., etc., are of solid silver. The tabernacle, three feet by two, is covered inside and out with massive plates of embossed silver, and a holy water font, as large as a modern water bucket weighs eight pounds. Nothing has been cleaned within the last one hundred years. But as it is proved historically that the "Conquistadores" returned to God a fair share of the treasure they gathered on their way, it is clear to me by personal evidence that the conquered Indians learned well from them and did things on a generous scale. The silver holy water sprinkler of Flores weighs two pounds, and throws off enough water to justify the method of baptism by "aspersion." It ad-

ministers a spiritual shower bath, and is an object of awe to the Peteneros; each time I get hold of it they close their eves and involuntarily recoil.

As I had announced upon my arrival at one o'clock, we had *Rezo del Rosario* at five P. M., and then—I don't quite don't know how to explain my action, except by a Jesuit instinct—I began preaching the Exercises, without a moment of preparation. and without telling them of the fact. There is an audience of about 400. If I can keep 100 to the end I shall consider that I have not labored in vain.

FLORES, SEPTEMBER 27, 1922

While offering Holy Mass in thanksgiving, I give a second intention to Father Pinelo—seven of the Father's relatives receiving Holy Communion. Then I sing a Responso for the repose of his soul. The church is well filled. After Mass I replace the Blessed Sacrament in its proper chapel, and a dozen novenas "Al Santissimo" start at once. If prayer is to call God's blessing on my work here these women will not fail in supporting me. They are the modern "Alter egos" of the holy women of the gospel. The rest of the day is spent in receiving visits, writing letters to the "Alcaldes" of Chichaclum, San Andres, San José and San Benito advising them of my arrival, and urging them to have their people bring in their children and would-marry couples to me in Flores. I have decided after consulting with those who know best, not to move from Flores; each outside visit would mean a loss of time spent in travel, and probable disappointment to those applying for my ministrations in Flores. Hence *Venite ad me omnes.* At the *rezo* and Mission at 5.30 P. M., I experienced a sad disappointment. The four hundred audience of last night is reduced to about two hundred and fifty. I pitch in, however, with all the power I have into the triple sin, or rather the double sin, reserving the last and the appeal to Christ crucified for tomorrow night. The *Señor Crucificado de Esquipulas* being titular patron of the town, I shall make use of the popular devotion to arouse them to the malice of offending Him. There was to be a baptism this evening, and all was ready for the function—even the baby was there—when it was found that the civil certificate of birth, without which all baptisms are prohibited, had not been issued. The civil registrar had taken to his hammock—so I had to postpone the ceremony till tomorrow.

FLORES, SEPTEMBER 28, 1922

Holy Mass at 6.30. About one hundred people present, mostly women. Communions, twelve. Applications for Masses begin coming in, one being a High Mass at San Benito next Sunday, to be accompanied with Marimbas. The baptismal party of yesterday comes up at 10 A. M. The fee is a dollar and fifty, to be divided as follows: "One dollar for the Padre; twenty-five cents for church registration on government officially stamped paper, and twenty-five cents for the soldiers who ring the bells and beat the drum. What a profitable institution is a liberal government!

A son is born to you. Civil registration	$1 00
You wish him baptized. Copy of civil registration	25
Repique by soldiers	25
Fee to the priest	1 00
Registration on stamped paper by the priest	25
Total	2 75 oro.

What I mention about baptism applies to marriage, with a difference in favor of the government. They seem to have forgotten only one possible imposition, namely: that regarding the sick which would probably run thus:

1. Medical examination proving the necessity of Extreme Unction	$2 50
2. Certificate of examination to the priest	25
3. Registration on official paper by the priest	25
4. Fee to the priest (nothing).	00
Total	3 00 oro.

I spent the hot afternoon in making social visits to the Governor, Don Jacinto Solórzano, to the Commandante de Plaza, Don Prospero Pinelo, and to the "Mæstro de Musica," Don Daniel Carío, who is at this writing (4 P. M.) marching the municipal band through the town, while I am awaiting dinner and wiping the sweat off my brow. I cannot help noticing that in music as in other things, Peteneros "pipe" very high, but that the "bass" is rather weak. An old trombone at the lips of a sturdy young Flemish farmer in our old Belgium, would drown the melodies of all the pipers of Petén. But they

come out strong on the drum, which, as you must know, is a hollow instrument.

Rufilo, my boy, comes in late with dinner, and I hurry through the "tortillas," as another baptism is due at 5 P. M. When I get up to the church I find the baptismal party ready. This time the civil certificate is filled out. At 6 P. M., *rezo* and another shot at sin. The four hundred are there again, and tonight one hundred of them are men. God bless the old sinners! They are hiding in every corner of this many-cornered church, but they are there! Oh my God! Give them courage to "come round those corners!"

FLORES, SEPTEMBER 29, 1922

Dedication of St. Michael, Archangel. High Mass at 7. About one hundred present—only three men in the crowd; nine communions. The sword bearer of God loves high places: in Italy, Mount Averno—Mount St. Michel in Brittany—may he come to my help on this hill of Petén Itzá, the old center of bloody pagan worship! One baptism in the morning—two in the afternoon; the last one that of a girl nearly three years old. The four hundred are present for the *rezo* and a subsequent meditation on hell. I can not say whether I make any impression on them, as the church is very dimly lighted, but I can discern numerous moving shades of Christians around the doors and under the choir loft. The shades wear pants, thank God! In front nothing but petticoats!

Tonight upon counting my fees, I discover that I have been duped. At the end of the last two baptisms, each of the Padrinos gave me a little paper pack containing, as I supposed, the regular fee of one dollar and twenty-five cents. When counting up the realtos, I find 80 cents in one and 50 cents in the other. At first I felt indignant, and then I laughed outright at having been taken in by an old Petenero trick known to me by an experience of fourteen years.

I had a talk this morning with the Señores Humberto Baldizon and Asisclo Alvarado, the pillars of the church, about the *futura contingencia* of the parish. I tried to shy, but they held me fast. Adjoining the sacristy. with doors and windows facing east and north, are three rooms, rather mouldy and dilapidated, and filled with old church rubbish, which they propose to offer as a *convento* for the future pastor. One of the rooms is large, the others are suitable for bed rooms. They intend to put these in good repair, and to add to them a

covered porch on the east side and a stone addition some fifty by fifteen feet to the north. This would give in all about six rooms and a bath room for the accommodation of the priest. The principal reason for this is economy. They say the building of an entirely new house is beyond their present means. In my opinion, their offer is very fair, though they tell me that Father U——, who was here six or seven weeks ago demands an entirely new *convento*. By the way, they have not a good word for Father U——, who seems to have made little effort to enlist the sympathy of the people, only said Mass three times in as many weeks, and caused other complaints to be lodged against him. The same Jefe, who is so kind to me, quietly told him to leave the place if he did not wish to know the inside of his jail. Now, Señores Baldizon y Alvarado ask me how their plans would suit me; and finally they tell me that they have in mind the sending of a new petition to the President, representing that Petén has always been loyal to every government; never has had a revolution; and supplicating that an exception be made in their favor, and they be allowed, as no priest is being sent them from Guatemala, to ask a priest of the Bishop of Belize. The petition will be signed by hundreds of Peteneros. To this I reply, that I have little hope of the President making an exception in their favor, and that our superiors will never consent to sending less than two priests; that I have certain knowledge of the Archbishop's efforts to find a priest for them and finally beg them not to circulate any petition until I have returned to Benque Viejo, as I would certainly be accused of originating it: and that alone would be reason enough for its rejection. My arguments seem to convince them that the best course is to keep quiet, at least for the present.

FLORES, SEPTEMBER 30, 1922

High Mass at 6.30; eleven communions, one being that of a male man! That man is a hero and ought to get a statue to perpetuate his memory. After Mass arrangements are made for three marriages, with dispensation of two banns, also for a baptism at 12 o'clock. I received the visit of Dr. Radford, a native of British Honduras and a Catholic, who speaks English very well, although he spent most of his life in Honduras and Guatemala. He practices medicine here, and is surgeon to the garrison of Flores, with a salary of $150 a month.

A baptism at 12 o'clock from San Andres—a quiet but exceedingly hot afternoon—at 5 o'clock I go to the church for confessions. Little doing before the *rezo*—the attendance is rather poor, so I leave aside the projected meditation on death, and urge confession and communion in honor of the "Virgen del Rosario;" then I hear about fifty penitents. For the first time the youngsters made an appearance, and some eight or ten make their first confession. Poor little fellows! Innocent victims of the Godless school! Most of them have already learned to scoff at religion. A few, who have good mothers, still come to church sometimes, but even they are an irreverent lot, and disturb me considerably. But at least they still come in. But what of the three hundred others? What of the next generation of Flores?

FLORES, OCTOBER 1, 1922. 8 P. M. ROSARY SUNDAY

This has been a busy day. I began confessions at 5.30 A. M. and was kept very busy till 7, the hour set for the first Mass. I had between eighty and eighty five communions, and should have had over a 100, but for those blessed boys, who after coming to confession yesterday in the dark of night, got ashamed of facing the crowd and coming up to the altar rail in the light of day. Only about a dozen received communion. I spoke for about 20 minutes on the necessity of making use of God's grace. At 8.30 I cross to San Benito, where Mass is to be sung at 9 o'clock. The church is packed. The music leads to continual distraction, though there is but one singer and one marimba to the choir. After Mass seven babies are presented for baptism, all in the worst of tempers. At 11.30 we have breakfast under the reproachful eyes of a hundred children, who are awaiting to be regaled with the crumbs of Dives' Table. Two hundred eyes flashed out the signal "Hunger." Blessed are they that hunger! As for me, I am not hungry, only hot, sweltering, and looking for a corner where I can scratch myself without giving offense to the public. At 1 o'clock I get home, only to be called out at once to perform eleven baptisms in the Flores Church, one by one. This keeps me busy till 5.30 P. M. When I get home, I find that the good Samaritan woman has just sent in a quart of boiling fresh milk—exactly what I need! At 6 o'clock rosary and sermon: Recapitulation of the Exercises, up to the Meditation on Death. At 8 P. M. a couple who are to get married tomorrow present

themselves at the Padre's house. They have made their confession tonight and will be married "Al Civil" at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning—from the Cabildo they will walk to the church, where I will marry them "Al Eclesiastico." After the marriage is over—Tuesday morning—they and their Padrinos will receive Holy Communion.

FLORES, OCTOBER 2, 1922. FEAST OF THE HOLY ANGELS

Angele Dei qui custos es mei, me, tibi commissum pietate superna, illumina, custodi, rege et guberna!" One solitary communion at Mass. An old sick man. At 9 o'clock the first marriage comes off, but the baptismal registration drops from the eighteen of yesterday to seven today. Four couples come in to make arrangements for marriage, and I get letters from Chicaclum, La Libertad and Dolores, saying that people are moving towards Flores. I preach on death tonight, to all appearances, to dead ears. The band is playing in front of the church; the Marimbas on one side, and a little further below, the "Novios" of this morning are dancing *de cœur-joie*. As I am jotting down these lines (11.30 P. M.) a big storm breaks loose. Each drop of rain is a bucketful.

FLORES, OCTOBER 3, 1922

The usual attendance of about 100 at High Mass. The married pair of yesterday are present, but the Padrinos are not. Three communions in all. There is a lull in the work, which allows me to pay a few visits to people I ought to know. At 11 o'clock I received a formal call from the Alcalde and his secretary. At 3 P. M. I am in the church awaiting baptisms. I wait one hour, and then decide to lock the church and go to dinner. No sooner is the big door closed than the babies arrive. I baptize four, one by one, which occupies one hour of time. I lock the church again, and lo! another baby arrives to get his passport to heaven. But the Padrino has forgotten the civil certificate. "Nothing doing. Come back tomorrow! I cannot jeopardize my mission here by acting against the law." I get home at 5.30 P. M. for a five minute dinner, while the first bells are calling the people to rosary and sermon. The four hundred are present and have brought company along. As I begin the rosary another terrific rain comes down upon Flores. I cannot hear the voices of the people, nor

my own voice, nor the singing of the congregation so we alternate our prayers by guess. When I suppose we are through, I walk half way down the aisle and make the speech of my life: "My dear friends, the racket of the rain on the zinc roof makes it impossible for me to speak to you tonight—I shall not try, therefore, to say a single word—I know you cannot hear me, but I suggest that while the storm lasts, those who are ready come to confession." After some fifteen minutes the avalanche of water ceased in intensity. I gave a fifteen minute instruction on the difference existing between mortal and venial sins, and the means of forgiveness from both, when confession is impossible. Five hundred people got wet on their way home tonight.

FLORES, OCTOBER 4, 1922

Little doing today, owing to the storm which lasted till 4 A. M. At Mass four communions. The morning is spent in registering baptisms and writing letters. At 3 o'clock three baptisms. At 6 P. M. *rezo* and sermon on judgment to the four hundred. As the sermon is over, another heavy shower! I have determined to set out on my return to Benque Niejo, on Monday, October 23. I write a couple of letters, one to Very Reverend Father Kammerer and another to the Sisters of Benque Viejo, to be entrusted to the first reliable man going Benque Viejowards. Both myself and Rufilo, the boy, are affected by some infectious itch. I thought I was the only sufferer, but the boy tells me *todo mi cuerpo me pica*. He got a dose of it too! Where, or how or what infection we got is impossible to determine, but it is a nasty thing. and spreads like wild-fire. I bought a 25 cent jar of Vacher-Balm, for which I paid $2 in gold, and after anointing Rufilo spent the remnant on my own skin. As I get ready for my hammock the rain is steadily coming down.

FLORES, OCTOBER 5, 1922

Mass at 7, with a marriage and 12 communions. A couple who were married civilly, two weeks ago, and had started *ménage*. Hearing of my arrival, they straighten matters without delay. The weather is exceedingly oppressive and I am glad to be left in comparative peace. Only a few visitors. Among them a man from Santo Toribio, two days' journey south,

who brings his son along to be married next Monday, to a nice girl living next door to my temporary Convento. At 3 P. M. I ascend the old *teocallis* leading to the church and say my prayers with a vague hope of a possible baptism. One comes up at four o'clock. On my return home I find dinner on the table and the bride-groom and bride-to-be of tomorrow on a couple of chairs. They want to go to confession at once; but they graciously consent to wait until I get through my meal. I hear them at 5.30 while the bells are calling the four hundred to the rosary and the evening sermon. Tonight the prodigal son makes his appearance. The women do not seem to have any sympathy for him, but the school boys who are hiding in the sacristy and sundry corners seem to think he is "o.k." At least thirty of them, ranging from ten to fifteen years, make their first confession after the sermon. I have made up my mind to go after these young fellows during the next two weeks of my visit. I am told that the school examinations are over, and they will have vacations for the next two months. If this proves true, I shall substitute Sunday School for the Mission, and there shall be fourteen Sundays in two week on the Island of Petén-Itzá.

At 10 P. M., as I retire to my hammock, the rain comes down again. It looks as if I were destined to wade back through water and mud to old Benque. But why worry? *Sufficit diei malitia sua!* Better confide in the Sacred Heart, Whose First Friday we celebrate tomorrow. He sent me those thirty boys tonight.

FLORES, OCTOBER 6, 1922—FIRST FRIDAY

Mass at 7, with marriage number three and 27 communions. Again some of the youngsters who came to confession last night fail to present themselves for communion. Two baptisms after Mass. At 11 o'clock, as there is no immediate work on hand, I decide on making a visit to Tayasal, the old capital of the Itzás. Mr. Harvey, an American gentleman engaged in the Chicle trade, offers to be my guide to the ruins. So we get into a canoe, and in fifteen minutes step off on the former island, now a peninsula, owing to the lowering of the level of the lake by at least ten feet in the last one hundred years alone. From the landing place we climb a low ridge of about 30 feet, and find ourselves before a

circular lagoon or pond some five hundred feet in diameter. North, east and west, a high sloping ridge of no less than two hundred feet encircles the pond. On top of the northern ridge is a large level space originally a plaza with cement floor, in the middle of which are the remains of a building with three entrances, north, east and west, closed up on the south side by a stela, with very much defaced inscriptions, among which the sign of the initial Katun is plainly discernible. From the north side of the plaza, one gets a magnificent view of the northern portion of the lake and of the villages of San Andres and San José, one and one-half leagues and two leagues distant. The mound on the southwest of the plaza has been skillfully excavated under the direction of Dr. Güthe, revealing a terraced temple, the first two terraces made of large blocks of squared stone and the other three of common rough masonry. A cross section shows a stair-case of six steps with corresponding steps on the opposite side. At the foot of the latter Dr. Güthe found a well-preserved, but decapitated skeleton, and a number of specimens of fine pottery, now housed in the *Casa Municipal* of Flores. The highest mound of all (that to the southeast) has not been touched by Dr. Güthe, who is expected to begin new excavations next March, 1923. All over the peninsula are scattered large and small mounds as yet untouched.

The heat of the sun on the Plaza of Tayasal was well nigh unbearable, and as I had to be in the church of Flores at 2.30 P. M. for some baptisms, we slid down the path, crossed over to the modern town and found ourselves at home again, at 2 P. M., completely exhausted. At 2.45 I had six baptisms in succession, and at 5.30 I literally devoured a not very choice dinner, not leaving a single *tortilla* to be carried away by Rufilo. At six o'clock, after hearing the confession of a couple who are to be married tomorrow, I recited the rosary and gave a rather long instruction on confession, then heard another dozen penitents and went home to try to cool off. I am glad the Mission is to end next Sunday. These nightly efforts at oratory leave me very tired, and it takes from two to three hours to get cooled off before I can go to bed.

FLORES, OCTOBER 7, 1922

Mass at 7, with a marriage and fifteen communions. I bless some *santos*, rosaries and a dozen buckets of holy water. This has been a daily task, after Mass, since my

arrival. In Petén the men drink rum and the devout sex holy water, both by the pint or the quart. There is no use telling them that holy water is blessed for sprinkling only. I guess they imagine that the holy water sprinkler of the church is quite enough for them in the sprinkling line.

Mr. Harvey goes off tonight to Benque Viejo and kindly takes charge of a letter to Father Fenoughty. Strange to say, I have not yet received a single word from him! At the postoffice, where I go for inquiries about the mail, they tell me the mail carriers go to Plancha regularly three times a week, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, but that their return trips are uncertain. In the afternoon I have three baptisms, all from Flores, and at 6 P. M., I preach on Holy Communion. Some of the older school boys come to confession before I lock the church. Shall I see them at communion tomorrow?

FLORES, OCTOBER 8, 1922 (SUNDAY)

I have been rather busy with two Masses and confessions—twenty-seven communions at seven o'clock Mass. Again I had to call the boys to come up to communion, and some did *not* come. I said my prayers between the two Masses. At nine o'clock we had High Mass. The solo singer could not be heard and the organist was a failure, but the High Mass was a success. I made an urgent appeal to parents, at both Masses, in favor of my fourteen days' Sunday School. After Mass, the Governor came in person to me, with the request that I baptize a promising youth of La Libertad, and that he be allowed to act as "Proxy" or substitute to the real Padrino, no less a personage than General José María Orellana, President of Guatemala, who, knowing of my presence here, has requested the Jefe to act as godfather in his stead. In the course of the conversation I discover that every move I make is known to the Jefe. He knows the number of my baptisms, marriages and confessions,—about my visit to the ruins,—about my fourteen days' Sunday School—but he is pleased to approve of all. I appoint three o'clock for the presidential baptism, then perform three ordinary baptisms and go home for a cup of coffee at eleven o'clock. At two o'clock I return to the church and get through five baptisms, four of them from San José and one from Flores, before the Governor makes his appearance. The brass band and the garrison head the procession. There is no godmother, but the

Governor answers the questions very well and recites without a halt the Creed and the Our Father, only forgetting to pay the fee—which I would not mention for worlds. Another baptism follows the official function, making ten in all for the day. After the *rezo* of 6 P. M., and an instruction on indulgences to a crowd of about seven or eight hundred, I give the Papal Blessing to those who have made the Mission. It is true they do not know they have made the Exercises, but I consider that having made them, they are entitled to the Indulgence. I end the ceremony by blessing two new gorgeously clad *santos* for the church; one, the Blessed Virgin, who has already four statues here, and another with a big sword, whom they call San Pablo, Apostol. I am told they cost one hundred dollars gold apiece. At nine o'clock I go to bed as a precaution against tomorrow's doings. The bride-to-be lives next door to me, and there will be a regular Petenero feast, with a *baile* of twenty-four hours. Let us sleep while we may.

FLORES, OCTOBER 9, 1922

At Mass, marriage number five is blessed, and the padrinos receive communion with the new couple—also seven other people—eleven in all. I get an invitation to breakfast at the bride's house, which I am forced to decline to go and assist an old woman, said to be dying, on the other side of the *laguna*, north of Flores. We row over in fifteen minutes. The old lady is very sick, very deaf, and only half conscious at times, but we get through the holy rites of confession and communion. She seems to revive while I anoint her, and then on a sudden, shouts: *Es el Padre Arturo!* then begins to talk quite lively. Simona Vanegas lived in Benque Viejo some seven years ago, and God sends me to her to help her in her last days upon earth. I get back home at ten o'clock to find a regular banquet spread on my table, my share of the nuptial feast which is going on next door. After writing out two copies of some fifteen baptisms I conclude that a *siesta* is just what I need, and seek my hammock at 1.30 P. M., only to be roused by Rufilo with the announcement of a baptism. Instead of one there are six in very slow succession, which allows me to finish my prayers before five o'clock, the time set for the first of my instructions to the children. There some 200 of them, all girls with the exception of some 25 young urchins, none of them over seven years old. Where are

the 150 or more larger boys from 8 to 15, who had pledged themselves to be present? Not far! Some of them lined up against the southern wall of the church, practicing military drills and patriotic songs. The head master has given orders, under pain of fine and corporal punishment that from today till November 12, they shall drill every day between the hours of 4 and 6 P. M. What does this mean? I have a vague sense of opposition but I can not locate the opposing force.

FLORES, OCTOBER 10, 1922—SAINT FRANCIS BORGIA

Three communions at Mass. I make a few visits in the morning; one of them to Dr. Boburg, to solicit the help of his daughter Lola, who spent some years at the Belize Convent, as assistant teacher in my daily Sunday School. The request is granted and Lola will teach the Sign of the Cross, Our Father, Hail Mary and the Act of Contrition to the junior division.

Two baptisms in the afternoon—Sunday School at 5 P. M., with 250 present. As I say the finishing prayers at 6 P. M., some 100 boys rush in from their drill practice: "We come for the *Doctrina;* we are willing to stay till 7 o'clock!" Poor children, hungry for the bread of the word of God. But the church is dark already and no light is to be had. Nothing can be done tonight. I must think and pray over this problem before I make any move, and find out whether these drills of the youngsters have been ordered to prevent them from coming to the *Doctrina.* One thing is clear: the boys did not know of them till yesterday morning, and if they are not present, it is not for lack of good will on their part.

FLORES, OCTOBER 11, 1922

Mass at 7, with marriage number six. The couple have been living together for 23 years and have grandchildren already. Now they get married, first *Al Civil* and then *Al Eclesiastico.* Eight communions, two men from Benque Viejo among them. After Mass I sing a *Responso* for Father Pinelo. There will be one every day until I leave. I receive several visitors asking for Masses to be said in Benque Viejo after my return. A letter arrives from Father Fenoughty by the mail at noon, announcing the sudden departure for Belize of Sisters Petra and Ligoria, and the arrival of Sisters Clara and Symphorosa to replace them. Sister Petra is on her way

to the States, and Sister Ligoria will go with her if the Belize doctors so decide. I hoped to find the Sisters still in Benque Viejo upon my return, and feel very sorry I cannot tell them "good-bye" and thank them for their devotion to the mission and to myself personally. They shall be faithfully remembered in a daily intention at Holy Mass.

The mystery connected with the absence of the boys from the five o'clock *Doctrina* begins to clear up. My boy Rufilo, who is really clever, and has made friends with everybody, brings me the information that tomorrow, October 12 (Columbus Day), is a *Fiesta Nacional*, and that the drilling and singing classes of the school boys during the last two days are only intended to refresh their memory so they may make a creditable appearance on the Plaza. But he has also heard that the call to drill is to continue indefinitely, and that the head master, Benito, does not want the boys to go to the *Doctrina*. I decide to seek advice of my friend, Don Prospero Pinelo, Commandante of the Military. He will tell me the truth! And so he does: Neither the Mæstro Benito, nor the Jefe, want the boys to go to Sunday School, and it will be safer for me not to encourage them. Colonel Jacinto Solórzano is personally very well disposed towards me, and has already half promised to recommend the petition for a second visit, but I must be careful not to offend him. . . . Just then Jefe Solórzano drops in on a friendly visit to Don Prospero. I prudently turn the conversation to other topics: The spreading of tuberculosis, vaccination, etc., but that blessed wife of Don Prospero cannot hold her tongue. She wants to know why her boys are kept to drill during the *Doctrina*. At once the Jefe asserts himself. The drills are being conducted with his approval, in preparation for the celebration of the "Minerva," the She-Devil that rules in the Capital in the place of the "Eternal Wisdom." It is a repetition, minus the writing, of Pilate's decree: *quod scripsi, scripsi!* with a tacit warning for myself. I can do nothing but submit. I spend a wretched afternoon with not a single baptism to rouse my spirits. Ten howling babies would comfort me just now! Better go to the church and seek consolation in the Sacred Heart while awaiting the coming of the Petenero girls. When I get there, the drill is in full swing at the church side. So I go out in cassock to see the boys, and for the first time Mæstro José Benito, whom I have seen several times on the street, deigns to

salute me. He is a tall, lean man of about 55; has been school master in Flores for the last 30 years; rules his assistants and scholars with an iron hand; professes unbelief and practices pagan morality, and has never been molested by any change of administration—a clever, active man withal. While I size up his six feet three, he sizes down my five feet eight. I feel that I face the real master of Petén, the official spy of the present and past administrations in Guatemala. I shall pay a visit to him tomorrow, after Holy Mass, with the pretext of a desire of taking some snapshots with my kodak, both of himself and of his charges. The Sunday School of tonight draws only 100 girls. The rest are kept in school by the Mæstra Teresa, superintendent of the girls' public school, to practice a patriotic hymn. Is there going to be another obstacle to the *Doctrina?* I go to my hammock disgusted with the day's failure, but keen for tomorrow's developments. The Holy Sacrifice, *quod placat misericordiam Dei*, shall be my safeguard before I attempt to tame those who love Him not, or rather know Him not.

FLORES, OCTOBER 12, 1922

Mass at 7, with eight communions, and two *responsos* after Mass. I do not pay my respects to the Mæstro José Benito, as I intended to do, but hearing there is to be an official celebration of Columbus Day at the Palacio Municipal at nine o'clock, I load my kodak and go in for a photographic expedition. The Governor has given me leave to use that kodak freely during my stay. I will make use of the privilege for the first time. The band and the youngsters occupy the porch of the second floor of the Palacio, and I take my first three shots at them from a safe distance. In about an hour the singing and recitations are over, and they come down headed by Mæstro Benito. "Would the mæstro object to my taking a shot at his boys in gala uniform dress?" "Quite the contrary." So the mæstro lines up his boys, and again I shoot three times, to make sure of at least one good exposure. The Governor and his staff are lurking in the background drinking the health of Columbus. None of them has any objection to being shot by the Padre, so the kodak clicks three times for them, then three times for the brass band, and goes on clicking in various parts of Flores till 12.30 P. M.—in all, 24 exposures that will go to Benque, and from there to Saint John's College,

Belize, this very afternoon, to be developed with extra care, as most of the exposures can never be duplicated. There is one solitary baptism at three o'clock. At four the Municipal Brass-Pipers blow their tubes again, but no one seems to mind the decidedly improved philharmonic performance. With us a national feast means a crowd. Here, no one, except paid officials, and children under fear of chastisement attend the function. The spirit of patriotism is dead in Petén. They are passively indifferent, and have only learned to submit to every man sent to rule them and to take care of themselves as best they may. Their political creed is summed up in "leave me alone!" The evening *Doctrina* draws only 200 children, mostly girls, and the dinner that follows at 6 P. M. is an excuse for "nothing to eat." But I get hungry for higher food when old Don Alberto Baldizon, born in Petén in 1850, comes in on a friendly visit. He is a *laudator temporis acti*, and will tell me some of the history of the parish. He talks for an hour, but is so diffuse that I can not connect his reminiscences—but tomorrow he will repeat his story, which I shall take down in writing. Rufilo, the boy, is snoring in his hammock, and my watch shows 9 P. M. *Deo Gratias* for another satisfactory day. Am I homesick for old Benque? Of course *not!* Did I not tell Señor Baldizon an hour ago that Flores is a *new earthly paradise?*

FLORES, OCTOBER 13, 1922

High Mass at 7, with five communions. Nothing doing in the morning. Only one baptism at 3 P. M. A slight touch of fever with temperature 101 F. There is no work and I don't feel like working. Dr. Boburg sends me some old newspapers which I doze over just to kill time. This evening Sunday School is no better than that of yesterday. Early rest and a dose of *Oro* is the prescription of Dr. Versavel for Padre Arturo. Let us follow the doctor's advice. *Oro* is the best patent preparation I know for chills, fever and general tonic.

FLORES, OCTOBER 14, 1922

The night's rest and the *Oro* have done their work. No fever. At Mass nine communions, including those of two real men. Then the daily routine of blessing *santos* and holy water and singing *responsos* for the dead. At 10 o'clock a baptism from San Andres, bringing the

total to 73. Then some kodaking till 11.30. At 3 P. M., two baptisms drift into Flores. Also a young couple from San Andres, who make arrangements to get married next Wednesday, October 18. The evening Sunday School is the flattest of failures. Boys and girls are again kept at school until after 6 P. M. I hear the confessions of about 30 girls and small boys who are sufficiently cognizant of the sacraments under the wide rule of Pius X to receive them, turning over the smaller fry to Lolita Boburg.

FLORES, OCTOBER 15, 1922—ST. TERESA—SUNDAY

I say the first Mass for the intention of my dear old mother, still living in far away Belgium. I have never failed to reserve this Mass for her on her name-day, since the day of my ordination, 29 years ago. This is a sacred duty. After renouncing father, mother and all things, some religious are apt to forget them; others, to go back to their carnal relations by excessive interest in their family affairs. Daily prayer, a monthly letter to living parents, four notes a year to brothers and sisters, and an immediate answer to benefactors, seem to me to be about the mean measure of correspondence which a religious ought to keep up with the outside world. To remain indifferent to birthdays and anniversaries of death of our nearest relatives is sinful, and makes religion odious to them.

The first Mass is crowded (at least in the judgment of Peteneros), about 500 people being present. Besides the thirty first communicants, about thirty old communicants come to the Holy Table, some of them with their Easter duties deferred for decades. The nine o'clock Mass is not so well attended, but a fair number are present. After each Mass I bless more *santos* than on any previous day. Where do they get them?

Coffee at 10.30, with gigantic chunks of meat, which only fill me with horror and premonition of acute indigestion. The *Santo Niño*, lying on a soup plate on a bed of green ferns, whom I blessed a little while ago, and whom they are dancing for, across the street, is far more appetizing than what lies on my breakfast plate. Let us go over and feed our eyes on his microscopic loveliness and get a *tamale* as a reward!

At 1.30 P. M., a special messenger announces a large party is awaiting me in the church with a *monton* (a pile) *de criaturas*. When I get up the hill I find one old

woman nursing one very cross baby. After a while the Padrinos make their appearance, but the *monton de criaturas* consist of only one baby. I say my prayers and fall asleep in the old chair of Father Pinelo till 3.30, then make for home and dinner, only to be recalled at once for another baptism. This over, I reach home again and find a new call to the church. This time they must wait till 5.30, when the first bells will ring for rosary and instruction. It is getting dark by this time and the baptism is performed by the light of the candle held over the Ritual by the godmother. The rosary is well attended and I give an instruction on prayer. A few confessions follow, and on getting home I find Rufilo crying bitterly. He wants to go home! O blessed, homesick boy! Five years hence you will be a Chiclero with no more thought of home than the wild deer that is roaming through the bush!

FLORES, OCTOBER 16, 1922

Before Mass the grand wedding of the season comes off, and half a ton of powder with it. The band is present in full strength and at least six sets of Marimbas. The Mass is an extra high one, with a second organ pressed into service, leaving alone a few guitars and mandolins. The father of the bridegroom, official band-master, presides in the choir loft. The young couple look very handsome, especially the bride, who is the daughter of a "Gachupin," a Spaniard from Spain. She is taller and perhaps a shade whiter than her consort, though both show in their complexion that undefinable tinge, denoting a strain of Indian blood. To me both look "white, white," as the Creole says. But one who has lived in Central America many years is "color-blind" when judging complexions. Some theorists on climatic influence on skin color, claim that if I could live 2,000 years here I would turn from a white man into a negro. I cannot agree with them. If they were right the mixed Indian would turn darker with every succeeding generation. Daily observation proves exactly the opposite. The children of very dark mixed Indians, nay Negro Creoles, are often very fair and seem to grow fairer with each succeeding generation. Or, is that drop of white blood in them so powerful that it goes on bleaching them a little more, every time they reproduce themselves? Here is a problem for Doctors Walsh and O'Malley. If northern races grow less prolific under

lower latitudes, and are doomed to die out in a short time, will the sacrifice be compensated by a wholesale process of bleaching for the Indigenes? Is the process of color elimination to be retroactive, so that 2,000 years from now there will be an Indian or Negro turned white for every white man turned black? Playing with theories leads to astounding conclusions.

The nuptial banquet and ball are to go on for twenty-four steady hours. As a natural consequence there will not be any baptisms today, and I fear, a very slender crowd at the evening Sunday School.

Late tonight another candidate applies for marriage; a fine looking man, married *Al Civil* sometime ago, who claims to be a nephew of President Orellana, and is introduced to me by Dr. Radford. He has been in charge of the telegraphic line which connects Flores with the capital, but has just received orders from his uncle to return to Guatemala City. He expects to leave next Saturday. Could I not marry him next Wednesday? "Have you your civil certificate of marriage?" "Yes." "Your baptismal certificate?" "No, but everybody knows I am a baptized Catholic. My padrinos are José Maria Calderon and Rosa Oliva, of Progreso, near Guatemala." O blessed canon law! Did the Roman divines know of Central America when they issued their iron-clad decrees? "Come and see me tomorrow and bring the young lady along." Why on earth do I come in indirect contact with President Orellana for the second time?

FLORES, OCTOBER 17, 1922

High Mass at 7, with one communion, that of a man. Mr. Luis Contreras and lady come to see me about their marriage. I am morally sure of his baptism, and he brings his civil certificate of marriage, dated Flores, Petén, August 5, 1922, but to comply, as far as possible with canon law, I post today, by mail, a letter to the pastor of Progreso, with the request that he send me the needed certificate of baptism, knowing beforehand that he will not answer my message. Having done this, I will hear the confession of the couple tonight upon their promise to spend the interval in separate houses and marry them tomorrow. They will receive Holy Communion at Mass, and thus repair publicly the bad example they have given in Flores.

The Sunday School turns out thinner than ever, but I get the consolation of a few confessions to make up for

that failure? My leisure (?) hours have been spent in making arrangements for the return trip to Benque Viejo next Monday. One muleteer and five mule owners do not come to an understanding in one day. But it seems that an agreement has been reached tonight, and that five mules and an arriero will be at our disposition at Ispop next Monday noon. It is well I succeeded in getting the train ready six days ahead of time. Even so, the start may suffer some delay. A mule train and its conductor travel under conditions and rules quite different from those of the New York-Chicago Limited. Old Simona Vanegas died this morning and was buried this evening in the international cemetery of Mother Earth, R. I. P. Is no one else very sick or dying here? I have asked the question of many, but so far have only been called out twice in three weeks.

FLORES, OCTOBER 18, 1922

The early part of the day is occupied by confessions, two marriages, twenty communions before Mass, and those of the two married couples during Mass, four *responsos* after Mass, and to conclude, a baptism from San José. It is 9.30 A. M. when I get my cup of coffee, which has not yet been poured out, before a very cross and very old woman throws open the front door and declares that she is ready for a baptism, *right now!* "Do you want to be baptized? If so, I will leave my coffee and go to the church at once, as you must be 75 years at least, and there is no time to lose!" The old lady's eyes light up with a faint spark of humor. "Of course the Padre must have his breakfast first," and "*dispense, Señor Cura*, any time will suit me." "Will three o'clock this afternoon do you?" Of course it will! Any hour will do provided I don't go off without baptizing her granddaughter, *la pobre!*

At three o'clock I have three baptisms, the last one, under the supervision of this morning's old female visitor, who pays me the compliment that I baptize just in the same way as was done in her youthful days, and that now she is sure I am a real Catholic priest. The closing session of the Sunday School does not bring in more than fifty youngsters. Of these, I select seven for instant confession, and First Communion at next morning's Mass. A few remain seated in the sacristy as I lock the church door. They want to go to confession, of course. I wish they were many more, but, Oh! My!

How fine they are to meet, with only a thin screen between us to prevent me from hugging them!

In the evening, I receive a visit of Señor Alberto Baldizon, who makes me a present of a couple of old *real* silver coins, the current money in Petén before the birth of the Guatemala Republic.

FLORES, OCTOBER 19, 1922

The seven o'clock Mass is unusually well attended for a week day. At least 200 present, of whom 47 receive communion, 7 of them being first communicants. More holy water is brought in for blessing. After breakfast, I discover that matters are *not* settled for the return trip, and I spend the whole morning in trying to adjust the differences. It is simply a conspiracy, on the part of the Peteneros, who have not called me to Flores, to get all they can out of those who have made themselves responsible for the expenses of the trip. They know I want to go next Monday, and they are trying to get double profit for their assistance. The motor-boat owner wants $25 to take me to Ispop, and the mule owner wants $60 for the hire of five animals to take us back to Benque. In other words, the good people who paid $60 to bring me here are to pay $80 to return me safe to Benque Viejo. As the total expense of $140 is to be paid by a few men I cannot help sympathizing with their pocket books. But they do not falter, and Eduardo Carío tells me again that should the trip cost him $200, I shall not be detained from starting for Benque Viejo next Monday, October 23, at 10 A. M., the day and the hour I have announced for my departure.

In the evening there is a grand baptism attended by all the aristocracy of Petén. Even the Governor is present! In consequence the *rezo* only brings in a small crowd. The subject of the instruction is "duties of children towards their parents, and of parents towards their children." Three men screw up courage enough for confession.

FLORES, OCTOBER 20, 1922

A good crowd at Mass, with 27 communions, blessings, etc. The morning is occupied with receiving visits, arrangements for the journey home, and for another marriage to take place next Monay, October 23, before I leave. I spend the afternoon in the study of Mr. Mean's

book (Harvard, 1907), on the conquest of the Itzás. No baptisms. Rosary at 6 and instruction on "charity and how to practice it here." My altar bread, 30 large and 600 small hosts have given out, but a good lady supplies me with a quantity of new hosts for High Mass and communion. This means that I have given out 600 communions to date, to nearly 600 different people, as I am sure that not ten people have come to communion twice since I arrived here.

This evening, I pay Donaciano Burgos $24 for the hire of three mules which are to take us back to Benque, and $8 for the hire of the mule of Fermin Puga, our guide, keeping back $8, his personal salary (to make sure of his service), and another $8 for an additional mule which is to take the place of mule number five, found unfit for travel. At night comes a letter from Father Fenoughty of Benque Viejo, with the anticipated announcement that if I wish to get back to Benque Viejo I must procure means of transportation here.

FLORES, OCTOBER 21, 1922

There is a marriage before Mass, and twenty-five people come to communion. After the inevitable blessings of *santos,* rosaries and holy water, and some *responsos* for the dead, I go home, and fortified with a cup of weak coffee and two soft boiled eggs, I start upon another expedition to Tayasal, this time with my kodak. It is not a great feat: a boat to cross the lake, a pair of legs to scale the hill and a pair of lungs to manage wisely. I spend precisely five minutes more in getting to the top than I did with my long legged friend Mr. Harvey; but, when I get there I am fit. I take the snapshots I want, and find myself back in Flores before noon. Dinner is poor and scanty, but I compensate matters with a copious bath, and at three o'clock administer the spiritual bath of baptism to three unconscious candidates. The six o'clock *rezo* is well attended, and some twenty-five people come to confession before I lock the door.

FLORES, OCTOBER 22, 1922 (SUNDAY)

The seven o'clock Mass is very well attended, some fifty people receiving Holy Communion. The nine o'clock Mass brings up 50 or 60 men. There is the usual blessing of *santos,* rosaries and holy water, and one

baptism after the second Mass. I spend the afternoon in visits to the Governor and other people who have been especially kind to me, and again, make particular inquiries about sick people. Nobody seems to get sick here! At 3 P. M. I perform baptism number eighty-seven, which seems to be the last one, and at 6 P. M. we get through our last *rezo*, followed by the reception into the Confraternity of the Scapular of Mount Carmel of forty-five women and three men. It is lucky I have the faculties for this from the Provincial of the Carmelite Fathers, of Rochester, N. Y., else I should be "at sea." After the ceremony there is such a rush for confession that I am forced to call a halt. The altar bread has given out, and I have only thirty-five consecrated hosts in the tabernacle. Hence, only those who have not yet come to communion may receive the Lord tomorrow. It is a sad end to a glorious beginning to be obliged to refuse the Bread of Heaven to those hungering for it.

FLORES, OCTOBER 23, 1922

Mass at seven o'clock, preceded by a marriage. I consume the Blessed Sacrament (1 host) after giving communion to the people.

Petén is left without the sacramental presence. For how long? The Divine Guest Himself will set the date for His return, and I dare say the prayers of the people will hasten that day. I go through one of the saddest moments of my life, when I tell them that I have taken away their Lord from them, and they have only left to them His empty grave. But "pray for His return as you did before I came to visit you and restore Him to you for these 30 days. Watch by His empty tabernacle, and perhaps long before you imagine, He will come back to you in all the joy of a new sacramental resurrection, to stay with you and never leave you again."

We get a hurried breakfast, pack up the rest of our belongings, and at 9.30 step off the Flores shore, leaving behind some very sad souls, not only of pious women, but of good young and old men, who actually shed tears and make an unsuccessful effort at letting no one see them. Why does a woman call the public to see her tears, and why does a man cough and shout and sometimes swear, when he parts from a loved place or person? And why does he wave his hat like a maniac, just let loose from a mad-house? I confess I behaved like the rest of the crowd, and cried and laughed and felt as miserable as they did.

The motor boat has eight horse-power to speed it on, and brings in revenue to its owner at the rate of three dollars for each animal he is supposed to drive. This trip cost $25. Wise men like myself, know that a mechanical horse, fed on gasoline, is a rather dubious mount. He will snort and balk and run away without warning. But the delight of a ride of twelve miles over a sapphire road of water is more than a compensation for taking chances on a dubious team. Having a skillful driver the eight horses only balk once during the trip, and soon resuming their ever panting breath, land us at Ispop at 1 P. M. The mules are ready-saddled, and after shaking hands over and over again with our dear Flores hosts, we mount our ugly but safe and ever patient steeds, and start towards Macanché. The first lap seems incredibly short as compared with our sensations of a month ago. We are well received, well fed, well accommodated for the night, and are up at 4 A. M. for the long ride to the laguna of Yaxhá. The morning dew dropping off the bush through which we seek our way thoroughly soaks us, and it is fully noon before the sun dries up our clothes. As a consequence I get a touch of rheumatism in my right knee, which persists in bothering me the rest of the journey. Arriving at Yaxhá at three o'clock, we rest after a ride of ten consecutive hours, having dismounted only once on the way, to drink some filthy water by the wayside. The Yaxhá mosquitos are the first to salute us on our arrival, and take occasion of our visit to get copious libations of our blood all through the night. We all get homesick in some way or other, and,

OCTOBER 24, 1922

at four o'clock, we are up, and after a summary breakfast, are in the saddle at 5 A. M. Again we get soaked by the morning dew dropping from the low bush which we continually brush on our way. But we mind neither bush nor dew. Home! Home! is the thought of all. Even my old mule remembers the pastures of Benque Viejo, and joyfully wafts her eyes each time I give her the spur. At one o'clock we reach Plancho de Piedra, and at 1.30 we give thanks to Our Lord in the Church of Benque Viejo for a happy return from a highly blessed journey of thirty days in the Jesuit-forbidden land of Petén-Itzá.

L. D. S.

CHRONOLOGICAL POSTSCRIPT

The District or "Department of El Petén," covers about one-third of the present Guatemala Republic. Geographically, it belongs to Mexico, as does the Colony of British Honduras, lying almost due east between it and the Caribbean Sea. In extent (about 15,000 square miles), it is about twice the size of its eastern English neighbor. The population (between 12,000 and 15,000), is very much scattered in small "Pueblos" and "Monterias," where Mahogany and Chicle are cut and bled. All are Catholic. The Island of Flores, the principal center of population, lies in a recess of the Lake of San Andres, almost due west of the Mission of Benque Viejo, at a distance of approximately 100 miles, and has a population of 1500 souls.

Yucatan was discovered by Francisco Hernandez de Cordoba in 1517. Hernan Cortez, *Adelantado* (that is "Precursor" of Spaniard rule), after conquering Mexico and Yucatan between 1519 and 1524, and after going through many political and private troubles, both in new and old Spain, left Tabasco in 1524, with the intention of conquering the rebel Itzás on his way, by land and water, to the present Spanish Honduras. He landed in Tayasal, then a large island (but now a peninsula, owing to the lowering of the water in the lake, by probably 45 feet since his to the present day), in 1525, accompanied by a very limited retinue, including two *Frailes*. He met with no armed opposition, but was plainly told by the *Canek* or chief, that he was not wanted, and aware of his own inferior military power, and averse, as he always was, to forcible measures, pursued his way eastward to Honduras with the Padres who had come with him from Tabasco. Their route led them east as far as the Laguna of Yaxhá, and from that point directly north.

Tradition rather than history records that Cortez left behind him in Tayasal his horse, *Morzillo*, disabled on the journey, with the request that he be well cared for till his return. The Itzás, who had never seen a horse before, and looked upon *Morzillo* as a semi-god, fed the animal on *tortillas* and *tamales*, with the result that he soon died of starvation, and then, partly in fear of the vengeance of the long-bearded-two-legged-white-Cortez, and partly in reverence for the four-legged-long-maned-white-*Morzillo*, erected a stone memorial, or rather a

bas-relief of him on a slab of white stone. Cortez never came back to Tayasal to claim his steed, and the Indians, after allaying their pagan scruples for the death of the horse by making a shrine of his grave, sat down again to their feast of human flesh, after burning the hearts of their victims on the altars of Itzamná.

No Christian, either layman or priest, seems to have visited Petén Itzá between the years of 1525 (Cortez) and 1618, an interval of 93 years. Then Padres Fuensalida and Orbita, of Merida, made a new attempt to reach the Itzá of the Island (Petén Itzais). They traveled by way of Bacalar (Yucatan) and Tipú, a Christian settlement not yet definitely located, which I am inclined to place somewhere on the Rio Hondo, and from Tipú went directly south towards the great lake. They had no soldiers with them, only a few Indians from Tipú, and their notes of the journey mention that they traveled "barefooted." They must have been Franciscans. They landed safely in Tayasal, and the *Canek* gave them leave to preach. Padre Fuensalida seems to have acquired such an influence over the *Canek* that the latter declared himself ready for baptism. And then the over zealous Padre Orbita made a "mess" of it all. He discovered the stone picture of *Morzillo*, and in a moment of indignation, struck (oral tradition says "pitched into the lake") the unconscious stone figure. There was an instant protest, in the form of a mob, demanding of the *Canek* the immediate delivery of the bodies of the Padres and their companions. But the *Canek* said "No!" took the Padres Fuensalida and Orbita into his own house, and at midnight, with the assistance of his wife and of the Indians from Tipú, set the Padres alive on the eastern shore of the lake, to make their way, as best they could, through Tipú and Bacalar to Merida. Whether they reached Merida or perished in the bush cannot be ascertained. But the relation of their travels was not lost. How many unknown martyrs and confessors are sleeping under the earth, awaiting crowns of glory, which are being polished by the Angels of God with loving care, to make up for the slight reward of church beatification upon earth! Does not St. John tell us in his Apocalipse that the crowd of saints cannot be counted? *Turba quem nemo dinumerare poterat.*

The next conqueror of Petén Itzá was Padre Diego Delgado. He started with thirteen Indians, and probably some Spanish soldiers; was allowed to land, and was killed and eaten up with all his companions a few days

after his arrival. They were decapitated and their heads set up on poles around Tayasal. Are the bones of the headless skeleton discovered at the foot of the steps of the Tayasal Temple, in 1921, those of the martyred priest? Dr. Güthe, in charge of the American scientific explorers, reverently reinterred the remains, and after putting a cross over them, left Tayasal, probably unaware of having touched the relics of a possible martyr.

No priest appeared in Petén between 1624 and 1694, an interval of 70 years, during which babies, youths, virgins, and captives of war supplied their living hearts to satisfy the appetite of Itzamná, and their flesh, that of their cannibal parents, friends and enemies. In 1695, Padre Andres de Avendaño y Loyola, a barefooted Franciscan, and perhaps on his mother's side, a relative of St. Ignatius Loyola, our holy founder, took the field. He made his first *entrada* from Merida (June 3, 1695, to September 16, 1695), and reached Petén Itzá, only to be expelled on the following day, and saved from death by the *Canek* of those days. Nothing daunted, he started again from Merida on December 13, of the same year, in company of four Padres and seven soldiers to protect and assist him. Again, they were forcibly expelled and landed without food on the eastern shore of the lake. There they lost their way. They were fourteen or fifteen men; (Probably five Padres, five soldiers and five Indian carriers). Finding himself lost, Padre Avendaño called for a general consultation to determine the direction they should follow. He records that he was in favor of seeking a way out eastward through Tipú, but that the other Padres insisted that by going round the northern side of the lake they would reach Merida, lying straight north. Father Avendaño gave a reluctant consent. The party roamed for fifteen days, above, but not far from the lake, without any food or drink. Father Avendaño then divided the starving men into two parties: two Padres and eight men must go ahead,—he, with two Padres and two Indians will try to reach a settlement by themselves. Those who reach a civilized post will bring assistance to those lost in the rear. The rate of travel is now reduced, owing to physical debility, to half a league a day, and Father Avendaño tells his companions to let him die alone in the bush. He lies down and recites the Office of the Dead over himself. There is plenty of good spiritual reading at the disposition of priests and religious, in some modern Secular books. Mr. Philip A. Means' publication (Cambridge,

1917) is not supposed to deal in such matters, but some chapters consisting of translations of the *entrada* of Father Avendaño are worth reading and might edify saints. Father Avendaño was found alive in the bush by some Indians, cared for, and slowly restored to health. What happened to him or to the other Padres and his companions I do not know. There is no third *entrada* into Petén recorded by any of them.

But, by this time, the Government of Merida became conscious that the death of one missionary was a greater loss to them than that of a hundred soldiers. They cost infinitely less to maintain, and could be depended upon not to desert the flag either of their God or of their country in the hour of danger. They paraded less, but did far more efficient and lasting work.

In 1696, shortly after Father Avendaño's return, Padre Alonso Cano, an Augustinian Friar, was sent to Petén with 300 well armed soldiers to protect his life, in command of Capitan Amezquita. Upon reaching the lake by the southern shore, the present San Benito, the nearest point to Tayasal and the small island lying between it and themselves (the modern Flores), deputies were sent to the *Canek* and his Indians demanding immediate surrender, and simultaneously sending an invitation to a great banquet to be given at the expense of Amezquita, to cement the peace. The Itzás smacked their lips in anticipation of a banquet of 300 roasted Spanish soldiers, and answered they were willing both to submit and to eat. But Amezquita smelled a rat. Early in the morning of March 13, 1697, he armed his men, embarked them in their own dories, and, to all appearances, on a huge raft, dignified in the *Relaciones* by the name of *Galley*, and went to meet the Itzás coming to the banquet.

The incoming flotilla of the Indians, evidently bent upon war, soon surrounded the Spaniards, who had orders not to shoot. But, when an Indian arrow wounded a Spanish soldier in the arm, he returned the attack by firing off his musket. His companions followed his example. There was a general *mêlée* and a disastrous defeat and flight of the Itzá warriors. The Spaniards followed them, and on March 13, 1697, at about the hour of 9 A. M., planted the standard of Spain in Tayasal, while the Indian women and children threw themselves in the northern lake in suicidal endeavor to save themselves from the anticipated vengeance of the Spaniards. On the following day, Amezquita set his soldiers to destroy

the temples of Itzamná and his pagan brother gods, and to erect on the site of the central shrine, with the debris of the blood-soaked pagan temples, the present church of the True and Ever Living God in Flores, Petén-Itzá.

A MISSIONARY VISIT TO ILOILO

Father Superior (Father Villalonga) and the writer of this left Manila in the late afternoon of Ash Wednesday (February 14, 1923), on a Spanish inter-island steamer, with a Basque captain, who gave us the best place on the ship to say Mass, himself assisting at five in the morning: with him was our host of Iloilo, who went to Holy Communion. We were practically the spiritual directors of the ship, and ate at a little private table with the captain. At the wharf, on the slow-flowing Pasig, soft Spanish fell on the ear, as friends came to see friends departing. We slowly sailed through the Pasig mouth and into Manila harbor, large, beautiful, thirty miles across. A "smart" American launch, crowded with sailors and others, passed us quickly and turned towards Cavite, which curved like a hook on our left, and later showed as a luminous line on the shore when night had fallen. Across, on the north of the harbor mouth, rose the lofty Mariveles mountains, and I thought of the non-christian *negritos*, who inhabit them, dwarfed in body and soul, and poor as "wild" people must be. A pleasant night followed, with fresh winds and sound sleep. As morning rose we were sailing through the heavenly isles: there were hundreds of them. We sailed through the Green Island Passage, and turned south by the inner, or eastern, side of the large Island of Mindoro, leaving Tablas and Marinduque, lower, to our left. One dreamed of peace and happiness in these green and wooded oases of the sea. I knew these islands well, twelve years ago, and as I looked upon them, they awakened countless memories and sympathies. One smaller island which was nearer rose like a great mound from the blue seas. Scattered cocoanut groves ascended to the summit. The only apparent dwelling places were gathered in a palm-thatched hamlet, separated by a silver band from the water. The people there were poor, yet the thoughts and desires of their hearts overstepped their blue boundary, and were as dear and precious as theirs who inhabit historic lands and "ivory palaces." How the sun lighted up the wide, green spaces and fruitful

groves, while the peace of heaven ever rests on sea, and shore, and summit!

Before dawn we were at Iloilo, after two nights and a day. We were welcomed at this early hour by a committee of the Knights of Columbus and the Catholic Centre. These were amongst the principal men of Iloilo and Jaro—loyal, intelligent, and cordial as Catholic men could be anywhere. The Centre counts about 300 members; the Knights, who are beginning, some 160. These with their friends formed, later on, the chief part of the audience at the daily conferences of Father Villalonga during the week, and the ladies of the chief families heard him each afternoon.

We said Mass at the Bishop's house, and soon came the men to arrange the program of the week. They wished to have conferences on social questions, as we also wished: and Father Villalonga skillfully wove the great truths of Faith into a program sufficiently *Social*. There were double titles; for instance, "Peace of the Hearth" meant the Law; "Diversions of the Day," Sin; the "Model of the Family," *El Gran Capitan* (Our Saviour). All this was in Spanish: but I had to do with Father Byrne, a true Philadelphian for his love of his brethren, by whom I was rapt away in spirit and the flesh, to look after the more democratic host of the public schools. They came splendidly. I said Mass for one heavy detachment at the chapel of St. Paul's Hospital. Afterwards we had a meeting, with two addresses. Before night of that Sunday we had spoken in four or five centres to the faithful boys and girls of the public schools. Nothing could be more reverent than their assistance at Mass—I noticed they had and used prayer-books; nothing more attentive than their listening to our discourses. We had a retreat for them, in a central church, each evening, consisting of a meditation, or address, on the *last things*, with confessions on Thursday and Holy Communions on Friday. Then we went to Negros. Father Byrne is beginning to employ his young people to combat the propaganda of the Protestants through the scattered villages. On Sunday, the second day after our arrival, we had dinner with the Vincentian community of the seminary, and in the evening there was a banquet of all the old students of the Ateneo—from 20 to 30—in the palatial mansion of Mr. José Ledesma, the director general of our mission work, who invited us (coming in person to Manila), and paid all the expenses. His spiritual wealth is at least as

notable as that which he possesses in this sublunary world.

We gathered the youth of the high school around the feet of Our Lady of Peace, in a little church as poor as the holy house at Nazareth. There were about 400, who came closely around us, and listened to our discourses until night and the hour of departure. The number rather increased during the three days, and there was no difficulty in holding their reverential attention. One set of addresses was on the great truths of the first week of the Spiritual Exercises; the other was instructive, and regarded organization. At the close we had 400 confessions and Holy Communion.

Meanwhile Father Villalonga had the *élite* of Iloilo and Jaro in the church of San José, Iloilo—nearly 200 of the principal men of these cities, and 400 of the ladies of society. Some ten Free-Masons attended; and two or three went to the sacraments. In all he had about 600 confessions and Holy Communions. Father Villalonga inspired a committee of ladies to prepare a breakfast for those in prison, two seminarians prepared them for communion, which they received at the Mass said for them. Even Aglipayanos helped to prepare the altar, and Mr. José Ledesma gave a hundred pesos to cover all expenses.

Father Byrne and myself passed over to the fair Isle of Negros. On both sides of the central ridge of mountains are the wide plantations, chiefly of sugar. Here we made an unexpected raid on the high school, and were rewarded with an audience of 500 in the church: they were mostly boys, or rather young men. Three school holidays followed, yet we had an audience of about 200 morning and evening. We closed with 200 confessions, and about fifty Holy Communions, most of them made for the first time.

Fifteen years ago, things looked decidedly bad in this region. Today all is changed: the one regrettable, but remediable, thing, is the lack of religious instruction. The welcome and co-operation of the principal people, and the facility with which the school generation is drawn, were a matter of as much surprise as consolation. A crowd of friends—lawyers, doctors, bankers, etc., came to see us off on the "Viscaya." They went away as the night was closing in, and hiding the purple mountains of Panay. Lights flashed here and there along the shore, some sail boats passed rapidly with the stiff wind, and the "Viscaya" moved slowly northwards into the night and the troubled sea.

D. LYNCH, S. J.

Our Jesuit vocation is to travel through many places, and sometimes with a certain rapidity, and without much delay in any one place: and so, in pursuance of this heavenly policy, after finishing a 7,000 miles journey from Baluchistan, and nearly another 1,000 to and from Panay and Negros, I was despatched to Zamboanga, after an absence therefrom of twelve years or more. In true, far Oriental fashion, the ship waited a week after the appointed day of departure from Manila, and spent another week on its circuitous route to Zamboanga. By a providential favor, so often experienced, I was able to pay my homage to the famous shrine of Our Lady of Peace and Happy Journeys, in Antipolo, where the hills begin to rise, some dozen miles or so outside Manila.

The first stop on our seaward way was at a large village on the western shore of Negros. The place was populous, especially in school children; for it is extraordinary how the American school system has drawn the youth of both sexes—not the upper *strata;* for these prefer the private establishments of education. The public school theory is democratic in the extreme; it aims at giving an English education to all; the school generation being as daintily dressed as the pupils of the more select private schools. The schools do not interfere with religion—which is, so far, an enormous blessing in this era of Philippine agitation.

I had for companion a young lawyer of Jolo, a Knight of Columbus, graduate of St. Thomas University, a gentleman, indeed, and a scholar, and not a little advanced in the path of Christian piety. He went to Holy Communion each day on the ship, and had with him, and used daily, his Imitation, and the Passion by V. Anne Catherine Emmerich.

We struck out together through the above-mentioned village, or *barrio,* in order to visit the church and the priest in charge. Passing through the crowd of children, we saw a man coming up in clerical dress. We shook hands with him and asked where the church was. He had a stolid, unattractive face, and a dull cautiousness of manner. He answered, "Oh yes, a whole lot, the majority was Aglipayano!" We began to doubt of the character of our new acquaintance. As he said he was a Catholic,

we wished to see the church. He pointed out something in the distance; and to our question, answered that he was an Aglipayano. We immediately withdrew, saying that we were *Roman* Catholic; and thereafter we spoke to no man until we came across a Spaniard in his shop. He was a newcomer, but said the greater part of the village was Catholic, although without a priest. There will be one soon, we trust, for the Bishop had passed through the day before, and the place is growing in importance by reason of the neighboring plantations.

Our next stop was at Cebu City. I saw my old friend of former years, then not a Bishop. The active, zealous, very intelligent secretary, a native priest, gave us his Visayan dictionary: his review I had seen in Manila. I knelt with affectionate gratitude and veneration at the grave of Bishop Hendrick, in the Cathedral. The business of the ship was done quickly, but it lingered on into the night, to allow friends and patrons to come and amuse themselves. I was awakened by the exuberant conversation of men and women at a special supper. One women sang hysterically as she played the piano. I thought we were in for a *baile*. This word, now of rather ill repute, means a *ball*; but often, a rather disreputable public dance. It has been a favorite and universal means of introducing the wider liberty and new morality. There was no *baile*, however, and towards midnight we got underweigh. At daylight we were at Dumaguete, at the south of Negros, and went to St. Catherine's parish church for Mass, and were kept for a light refection by the two Recolets Fathers. The town is small, but populous by its neighboring villages. The people have kept the Faith, and have not quite lost their ancient piety, although the Presbyterian mission school, millionaire, and well-staffed, and ambitiously taught, has been here for more than a dozen years. Its catalogue announces an attendance of 700 pupils. Its cheap English education, its active canvassing and outward support, its great liberty of co-education, draw young people from very distant places. Many of these are of Aglipayano or Protestant parentage, and many become what are called Evangelicals. They crowded the upper and nether decks at night, some 200 of them, going on vacation. It was impossible to sleep. As I rolled my bed, to walk to my cabin, a kind-hearted woman, in charge of the girls, begged me to remain, while she would make them keep silent, and go to sleep, as she did. They were quite respectful, and were pleased when

I spoke to them, but not so much when I made fun of their second baptism. Some of them got off at Iloilo, others came to Zamboanga and Jolo. They were all a very *plain* crowd of youngsters, evidently not of the *elect* of the Philippine land, whatever we may say of the elect of heaven.

On the eve of St. Patrick, about eight in the forenoon, the mountains of Moroland began to appear. After some hours, the green band of cocoanut groves stretched along by the sea side. Then came the San Ramon penal colony, a pleasant picture, mostly concealed in its palm shade; finally, Zamboanga, with its new pier, solid and ornamental. Here I was met by Father Romá and Brother Llangort, and in a few minutes I was at home in the midst of the old friends yet remaining from the days gone by. Bishop Clos, the warmhearted, lives towards the border of the town—also an old acquaintance. Zamboanga had evidently grown in twelve years, in size, wealth and beauty. Most faithful of towns, with its Spanish speech and cordial salutations, so rare in other places. Next day was ordained to sub-deaconship a young student, born in Mindanao: he will be a priest at Easter. And on Passion Sunday we had two hours of confessions, before the Masses, in English, Spanish and Visayan. Zamboanga is, clearly, a place of healthy, spiritual life and growth.

D. LYNCH, S. J.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE EARLY JESUIT MISSIONS

NOTE.—These notes regarding the missions of the Society in this Province were left by the late Father Francis Barnum. He did not have time to revise them fully. Hence we will deem it a favor to have reported to us any mistakes which our readers may discover. Editor W. L.

1. Washington, Papal Delegate.
2. New York, Cardinal Archbishop.
3. Baltimore, Cardinal Archbishop.
4. Boston, Cardinal Archbishop.
5. Philadelphia, Cardinal Archbishop.
6. St. Louis, Archbishop.

7. Buffalo	8. Charleston	9. Erie
10. Harrisburg	11. Richmond	12. Springfield.
13. Trenton	14. Wheeling.	15. Wilmington

RECAPITULATION

Total number of missions. 135
*Total given up 99

Number at present . . . 36

Alberton—Formerly known as Elysville., started November 21, 1875; attended from Woodstock. For its early history, see WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. IX, p. 50. December 14, 1880, Church of St. Stanislaus dedicated.

**Alexandria, Va.*—1809-1891—Attended many years before Father Neale built the church. Many little missions were served from here. History, W. L., Vol. 13.

**Allentown*—1765—Founded by Father De Ritter.

**Annapolis, Md.*—Attended from White Marsh. Given up 1853.

Auriesville, N. Y.—Shrine attended from Troy. History, W. L., Vol. XVII.

Baltimore—Attended from White Marsh.
1782—Father Charles Sewell erects St. Peter's.
1855—Loyola College opened.
1860—Provincial's residence until 1880.
1863—The first Catholic Colored Church. Given up 1871. W. L., Vol. III, p. 52.

**Baltimore*—St. Francis Xavier's, first Catholic Colored Church. Father Miller, 1863. Given to the Josephites, 1871.

**Bangor, Me.*—1848-1859. We had 33 stations in Maine. All of ours withdrew in 1859.

**Beltsville, Md.*—Attended from St. Thomas.

**Benedict, Md.*—Attended from St. Thomas.

**Bohemia*—1704-1898—Founded by Father Mansell. History, W. L., Vol. XIII.

**Bonneauville, Pa.*—Attended from Conewago. Chapel erected 1853 as an independent station.

Boston (*1*)—St. Mary's—Given to us by Bishop Fitzpatrick, October 31, 1847.

Boston (*2*)—Immaculate Conception—Boston College—September 5, 1864.

Boston (*3*)—Holy Trinity, March 3, 1844.

Boston (*4*)—The Islands—Confided to us. Attended from St. Mary's. History, —.

Bowie—Moved from White Marsh and settled here 1903.

Brooklyn—History, W. L., Vol. 39.

**Bryantown and Waldorf*—Formerly upper and lower Zacchia. Attended from St. Thomas.

**Buckeystown, Md.*—Attended from Frederick.

Buffalo—September, 1907, joined to Province; 86 members. History, W. L., Vol. 37, Vol. 48.

**Calais, Me.*—Attended from Bangor. Given up 1859.

**Carlisle, Pa.*—Attended from Conewago, 1779. Father Geisler erected a church, 1783.

**Carroll Manor*—1820, attended from Frederick.

**Chesapeake City*—Attended from Bohemia.

**Chestertown, Del.*—Attended from Bohemia.

**Claremont, N. H.*—Father V. Barber started in 1825.

**Cobb Neck*—Attended from St. Thomas. Given up in 1881.

**Charleston, S. C.*—Father Ben Fenwick in charge in 1819.

Chaptico——Started in 1914.

**Chambersburg, Pa.*—Attended from Conewago.

**Coffee Run, Del.*—Oldest in Delaware. Attended from Bohemia.

**Conewago*——1741-1901. History, W. L., Vol. IX.

**Cornwallis Neck*—One of the thirteen stations attended from St. Thomas.

Darden, Mo. (Missouri Province)—Attended from St. Charles. Catalogue, 1829.

**Darnall, Md.*—This mission in Anne Arundel County was across the Patuxent River from White Marsh.

**Deer Creek, Md.*—1744-1799. See history in Devitt, p. 266, Province History.

**Denton, Md.*—Attended for years from St. Joseph's. Mentioned in Catalogue, 1829.

**Dorchester*—Attended from Bohemia.

**Easton*—Founded by Father De Ritter.

**Eastport, Me.*—1850-1857. One of the 33 stations attended by Ours.

**Eleysville*—Attended from Buffalo, 1848.

**Elizabethtown, Pa.*—Attended from Goshenhoppen.

**Elk Creek*—Attended from Erie, 1849-1852.

**Elkton, Del.*—Attended from Bohemia.

**Ellsworth, Me.*—Attended from Bangor. Father Bapst was tarred and feathered here.

Elysville, Md.—A Woodstock Mission started in 1875. Corner stone of the church laid in June, 1879, now known as Alberton. History, W. L., Vol. IX, p. 50.

**Erie, Pa.*—1849-1852. See Catalogue 1849-50.

**Fairfax, Va.*—Attended from Alexandria.

**Falls Church*—Attended from Alexandria first and then from Georgetown. See West Falls Church.

**Fishkill, N. Y.*—1781. Attended from Philadelphia by Father Farmer.

Florissant, Mo. (Missouri Province)—Scholasticate. Father Van Quickenborne; six theologians in 1824.

Fordham, N. Y.—1846-47. Came from St. Mary's, Kentucky, to Fordham.

**Fort Hill, N. Y.*—1871. Early history, W. L., Vol. I, p. 103.

**Fort Meyer, Va.*—Attended from Georgetown.

**Frederick*—1763-1902. Father John Williams started in 1763. Father McElroy lays cornerstone of St. John's March 19, 1833. The Visitandines went to Frederick in 1846. The novitiate opened in 1832. The St. John's College opened in 1829. St. John's Church consecrated in 1837. History, W. L., Vol. V, p. 29, Vol. 38, p. 221.

**Gettysburg, Pa.*—A mission of Conewago founded in 1816. Mentioned in Catalogue, 1831. Given up 1858.

Georgetown College—

Georgetown, D. C.—Trinity Church.

**Glymont, Md., Cornwallis Neck*—From St. Thomas, about 20 miles. Given up June 1st, 1918.

**Goshenhoppen*—1741-1889. Churchville. Founder, Father Theodore Schneider. History, W. L., Vol. V, p. 202.

**Hanover*—Attended from Conewago in 1822. Given up in 1889.

**Harrisburg, Pa.*—Attended from Conewago. History, W. L., Vol. XXI.

**Harrisonville, Md*—1876-1892. Attended from Woodstock; cornerstone of church laid May 6, 1880. Given up 1892. History, W. L., Vol. X, p. 69.

**Haycock, Pa.*—Attended from Goshenhoppen.

Hill Top, Md.—Attended from St. Thomas, 12 miles.

**Indian Head*—Attended from St. Thomas.

**Ivy Mills, Del.*—Attended from Philadelphia.

Jamaica, B. W. I.—This mission was confided to us November 1, 1893. In 1894 the first Fathers went down. Kingston is the central point, and there are about fifty small stations covering the whole island.

OTHER STATIONS

Turk's Island—This was visited once a year.

Grand Cayman—Occasionally. History of this mission, W. L., Vol. 23, p. 201, by Bishop Gordon.

Jersey City, N. J.—St. Peter's, opened April 12, 1871. History, W. L., Vol. XIV, p. 381.

**King's Bridge, N. Y.*—Attended from Fordham. Mass was said at the home of Father Tierney. It is now St. John's Church.

Lancaster, Pa.—1742-1861. Attended from Goshenhoppen.

La Plata, Md.—Started in 1903. Attended from St. Thomas.

**Laurel, Md.*—Known first as Jenkin's Mills, then Laurel Factory. Attended from White Marsh in 1856; attended from Georgetown in 1841 by Father Lilly. This property was given to the Jesuits by the Snowden family. See W. L., Vol. 15. p. 9.

**Lebanon, Pa.*—Attended from Goshenhoppen.

**Leesburg, Va.*—Attended from Georgetown.

**Leicester, Mass.*—1851-1880. Attended from Worcester.

Leonardtown, Md.—1767.

**Liberty, Md.*—1821. Attended from Frederick. See Gilmary Shea, Vol. III, p. 74.

**Littlestown*—The oldest mission of Conewago; 1791. Given up in 1884.

**Long Swamp, Pa.*—Attended from Goshenhoppen.

South Norwalk, Conn.—Manresa Institute or Keyser Island. Purchased for a villa. History.

Marlborough—Attended from White Marsh.

Marriottsville, Md.—Attended from Woodstock.

MARYLAND—LIST OF STATIONS IN 1798.

St. Inigo's	Pomphret	White Marsh
St. Nicholas	Cornwallis	Annapolis
St. John's	Nanjemoy	Elkridge
St. Aloysius	Mattawoman	Baltimore
St. Mary's	Boon's	Seneca
St. Xavier	Piscataway	Frederick
St. Joseph	Mr. Young's	Mrs. Elder's
Sacred Heart	Eastern Branch	Taney Town
Newport	Rock Creek	Winchester
Cobb Neck	Georgetown	Bohemia
Upper Zacchia	Clem. Hill's	St. Joseph's
Lower Zacchia	St. Patrick's	and three
St. Thomas	Young's Quarter	more on the
Charles Brent's	Darnell's	Eastern Shore

Total 42

**Massillon, Pa.*—Attended from Goshenhoppen

Mattapony—

Mechanicsville, Md.—Attended from Chaptico.

Medley's Neck—Attended from Chaptico.

**Middletown, Del.*—Attended from Bohemia.

**Middletown, Md.*—1871. Attended from Frederick. History, W. L., Vol. V.

**Middletown, N. Y.*—Attended by Father Farmer.

**Millerstown, Pa.*—Attended from Conewago.

**Millersville*—Attended from Conewago.

**Moosup, Conn.*—Attended from Worcester in 1848.

Morganza, Md—1700. Attended from Chaptico. History W. L., Vol. 34, p. 405.

**Mountain, Pa.*—Attended from Conewago. History, W. L., Vol. I, p. 127.

Mount Manresa, N. Y.—1909. House of Retreats for Laymen, Staten Island.

McConchie, Md.—Attended from St. Thomas, 8 miles.

**McSherrystown*—Attended from Conewago in 1890. Given up in 1899.

**Nangemoy or Nanjemoy*—Attended from St. Thomas.

**New London, Conn.*—1845-1851. Attended from Worcester.

**New Oxford*—Attended from Conewago. Father De Neckere erected the church in 1852. Given up in 1891.

**Newport, Md.*—1697-1881. Attended from St. Thomas since 1713. History on p 137 Devitt's note book.

Newtown—Founded in 1668 First Catholic School there in 1677. History, W. L., Vol. XIII.

New York City—1683. Fathers Harvey and Harrison.
1809. New York Literary Institution.
1809-1813.
1847. Fathers came from Kentucky. St. Francis Xavier started.

New York—St. Ignatius. Loyola School, 84th st.

New York, The Islands—Confided to us by the Archbishop in 1861. 1. Blackwell's, History,—. 2. Randall's. History, W. L., Vol. 23. 3. Ryker's. 4. Ward's.

New York City—The Italian Mission. History, Vol. 25.

**New York*—St. Joseph's (German), started by Father Durthaller in 1872. Given up in June, 1889. See W. L., Vol. 15.

**Nippenoe*—Attended from Goshenhoppen in 1841.

**Northbush*—Attended from Buffalo in 1848.

**Norwich, Conn.*—1845-1851. Attended from Worcester.

**Old Town, Me.*—1848-1855. Attended from Bangor.

**Orrtana, Pa.*—A mission of Conewago called Mountains in the old Catalogues. Founded October 10, 1816. Given up in 1858.

**Oxford, Pa.*—Attended from Conewago.

**Pan Yan, N. Y.*—This was a settlement near West Park. The novices went there every Sunday and taught Sunday school. It was entirely Protestant, no Catholics lived there. 1878-1879.

**Paradise, Pa.*—1830-1891.

**Petersville, Md.*—1825. Attended from Frederick.

Philadelphia—St. Joseph's. History, W. L., Vol. II, p. 14.

**Philadelphia*—St. John's, 1855. Given up in 1860.

**Philadelphia*—Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, Filbert street. 1856 to 1860 in the Announcement Book.

**Pig Point, Md.*—Attended from White Marsh.

**Pipe Creek, Md.*—Attended from Frederick by Father Walton in 1768.

**Piscataway, Va.*—Attended up to 1855 from Alexandria.

**Pleasant Mills, N. J.*—Attended from Philadelphia.

**Pleasant Point, Me.*—Attended from Bangor.

**Pleasant Valley*—Attended from St. Andrew's.

**Point of Rocks, Md.*—Attended from Frederick till 1894. History, W. L., Vol. 24, p. 157.

Pomfret—1763. Charles County, Md. Attended from St. Thomas, 12 miles. St. Joseph's, twice a month.

**Poplar Springs, Md.*—A Woodstock Mission. The church was begun June 16, 1880. Given up 1891.

Portage, Mo. (Missouri Province)—Attended from St. Charles.

Portobacco, Md.—1642.

**Pottsville, Pa.*—Attended from Goshenhoppen.

Prairie Franklin, Mo. (Missouri Province)—Attended from St. Charles.

**Providence, R. I.*—1877-1899.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—St. Andrew's Novitiate. Site purchased by Father Purbrick July 19, 1899. Corner stone laid December 27, 1900. Community from Frederick arrived January 15, 1903.

**Putnam, Conn.*—Attended from Worcester in 1849.

**Queenstown*—Attended from Bohemia.

**Reading, Pa.*—Attended from Goshenhoppen.

**Richmond, Va.*—Father Baxter in 1819.

Ridge, Md.—

**Rockdale, Mass.*—1858-1869. Attended from Worcester.

St. Charles, Mo. (Missouri Province)—Appears in Catalogue 1829, Darden and Portage. In 1831 Salt River and Prairie Franklin appear.

**St. Denis*—Attended from Bohemia.

St. Inigoes—1634.

**St. Joseph's, Talbot Co., Md.*—Founded by Father Mosley in 1764. He died there June 3, 1787.

P. O. Wye Mills—Sub-stations were Queenstown, Dorchester and Denton.

**St. Joseph's N. Y. C.*—Started by Father Durthaller in 1872. Given up June, 1889. See History, W. L., Vol. 15.

**St. Joseph's, Wash.*—1868-1886. German Church.

St. Louis, Mo. (Missouri Province)—Attended from Florissant.

St. Thomas—1649; 13 sub-stations were attended.

Salt River, Mo. (Missouri Province)—Attended from St. Charles.

**Sidney Manor, N. J.*—Attended from Philadelphia. Catalogue, 1835.

Solomon's Island, Calvert Co., Md.—

**Southbridge*—1853-1858; attended from Worcester. When Holy Cross was rebuilt, Father Kroes attended this mission twice a month.

**Spencer, Mass.*—1854-1871. Attended from Worcester.

**Sunbury, Pa.*—

**Surrattsville, Md.*—Attended from St. Thomas.

**Sykesville, Md.*—1879-1891. A Woodstock Mission. Given up in 1891.

**Taneytown, Pa.*—Attended from Conewago. History, W. L., Vol. 21.

**Tennallytown, Md.*—Attended from Georgetown. St. Ann's Church opened July 26, 1868. Given up.

**Tonawanda*—Attended from Buffalo in 1848.

**Transit*—Attended from Buffalo in 1848.

**Trenton, N. J.*—Attended from Philadelphia.

**Troy, N. Y.*—1848-1900. We had two churches here and attended the county almshouse. Given up June 21, 1900. The congregation made a great protest against our departure. Petition, appeal to Provincial, etc., etc.

Turk's Island, B. W. I.—Attended once a year from Jamaica. This during the administration of a Catholic Governor.

**Urbana, Md.*—1876-1902. Attended from Frederick. History, W. L., Vol. V.

**Virginia*—The following missions were attended: Charlottesville, Harrisonburg, Lexington, Mountain Top, Staunton. During the Civil War Father Bixio had charge of these.

**Waldorf, Charles Co., Md.*—Attended from St. Thomas.

**Washington, D. C.*—Scholasticate. Father Kohlman opened in 1821; there were nine in theology: closed in 1828; college began 1822 to 1827: in 1850 there were 525 students; St. Aloysius dedicated in 1859. History of the old seminary, W. L., Vol. XI.

**Washington*—St. Patrick's. Given up in 1854.

**Washington*—St. Joseph's German. Opened December 25, 1870. Given up in 1886.

Webster, Mass.—Attended from Worcester.

**West Falls Church, Va.*—1874-1892. The old mission of Falls Church was attended from Alexandria.

**West Park, N. Y.*—1876-1885. Novitiate opened July 27, 1876; novices transferred to Frederick in 1885. Missions attended—Esopus, Barrytown, Eddyville, Rhinebeck. See History in W. L., Vol. XV.

**Wheeling, W. Va.*—Catalogue 1848-9; see catalogue 1849-50.

White Marsh—1741-1903. Three times site of novitiate; destroyed by fire May 15, 1853; Baltimore was attended from here; the community moved to Bowie in 1903.

**Williamsville*—Attended from Erie.

Woodmore—Attended from Bowie, Md.

Woodstock—Schools started, church completed, 1884. WOODSTOCK LETTERS started in 1872. Early history, W. L., Vol. II, p. 41.

Worcester—Holy Cross College opened November 1, 1843.

**Wye Mills, Md.*—In Talbot County. St. Joseph's, Tuckahoe was the original name.

Yonkers—

**York, Pa.*—1776-1819-1838-1853. Attended from Conewago for 76 years. Given up July 4, 1853.

**Zacchia* (Upper and Lower)—

**Zekiah* (on the map)—ZacchiaSwamp is the head waters of the Wicomico River.

JOTTINGS FROM INNSBRUCK ABOUT RUSSIA.

Not long ago an American relief worker stopped off at Innsbruck on his way from Moscow to Rome. As he wished to conceal his identity, he will hereafter be referred to as Dr. A. He had with him a number of valuable photographs, taken in the famine region, of which he wanted lantern slides made to show some influential friends in the Eternal City. He had but twenty-four hours to spare, so our physics professor, an expert photographer, worked late into the night to finish the slides before morning. Meanwhile, two of the American

theologians went out to Taxerhof and brought in an old friend of Dr. A's, Father Swickerath. In the presence of the American colony, the two relief workers, the one in Austria and the other from Russia, exchanged experiences, during which the following items were gathered for the WOODSTOCK LETTERS from the land of the Red Death.

Dr. A's experiences are in the foreground of the narrative. Other sources, equally trustworthy, have been used for the background and to give something of completeness to the picture.

The American Relief Administration in Russia is a compact, efficient organization, engaged in distributing some $52,000,000 in foodstuffs among the starving peasants along the Volga. Of this amount, $20,000,000 was appropriated by the United States Congress, $22,000,000 was donated by individual Americans and various charitable organizations, and $10,000,000 by the Soviet Government. The congressional appropriation was not a loan to the Soviet Government, but a free gift from the American to the Russian people. An experienced army officer, Colonel Haskell, is in command of the American Relief Administration, and many of the relief workers have had extensive experience in other European fields. America's three great religious bodies, the Catholics, the Protestants and the Jews, each have an official representative in the American Relief Administration. The work of distributing the enormous amount of food, clothing and medicine, the purchase of supplies, the hiring of Russian help, the extensive correspondence, the arrangements for transportation by steamer, railroad, auto trucks, oxen and camels—all is definitely marked out and apportioned among the relief workers. As far as possible, food is distributed according to the balanced ration system, that is, in stout packages containing flour, bacon, coffee, canned goods, and especially condensed milk sufficient for a family of five for a month.

During the winter of 1921-22, the northern Russian ports were frozen. The foodstuff, on which so many lives depended, was transported only with the greatest difficulty. The railroads were in a miserable state of repair. There was scarcely a locomotive which did not rumble along with the clatter of a thrashing machine. The only train in Russia which ran on schedule was that between Moscow and Petrograd. It sometimes took six weeks for a carload of supplies from Riga to reach the edge of the famine region.

The story of the looting of the first train loads destined for the Volga by the Red army—like that of nationalizing Russian women—is a fiction. Some pilfering, it is true, did occur. It was done, for the most part, by overworked and underfed train crews. A prompt and decisive message from Colonel Haskell to the Soviet Government put a stop to the disorder at once.

At first the government feared the American Relief Administration would be used to foment a counter-revolution. This was due to the activities of certain Americans in the overthrow of Bela Kun, in the Murmansk intervention as well as in the Kronstadt uprising. Moscow suspected Americans, especially relief workers, more than any other foreigners except the French. This reputation, however, was completely changed by the high character of the American Relief Administration men who entered Russia. The only anxiety Moscow feels now, is, that the counter-revolutionists, the Whites, as they are called, might worm their way into the relief organization, not for warlike purposes, but simply to stir up animosity between the Americans and the government. For this reason the Soviet police constantly shadow the Russian employees of the American Relief Administration, subject them to every possible annoyance, and often detain them in prison on trumped up charges. Apart from this, Moscow is holding firmly to the Riga agreement. The relief workers, though themselves often under surveillance, have complete freedom of movement, and whenever it is required, the coöperation of the government.

The government which now rules the one hundred and fifty millions of European Russia, the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, or the R. S. F. S. R., as it is usually designated in official documents, is, in two words, the Communist party. This political organization, popularly known as the Reds or the Bolsheviki, comprises about 700,000 members. Half of these are officers in the Red army. The remainder are in the Checka, the Russian term for Soviet secret police, in government positions and in the local Soviets. The Red army is the backbone of present day Russia. The Checka is the nerve system. The much abused police of the Czarist regime were far inferior to their Soviet successors. For vigilance, spying, shadowing, engendering suspicion and unscrupulousness, the Checka outczar the tyranny of Czarism in the heyday of its power. Every other wall in the present day Russia is a Checka ear; every other window is a Checka eye. About one man in

ten in the larger cities is in some way affiliated with this secret organization.

Not long after Dr. A's arrival in Moscow, he had occasion to visit some one in a hotel whose identity he wanted to remain unknown. Mr. B, a veteran relief worker, volunteered to act as guide, Some distance away from the American Relief Administration headquarters, they hailed a taxi. During their conversation, Mr. B noticed that the chauffeur acted somewhat singularly. While they spoke, the chauffeur's ear was cocked a trifle to the right or left, when they were silent, he faced straight ahead.

"Hello!" whispered Mr. B to Dr. A, "our chauffeur is a Checka. Watch me show him up!"

He then asked the man at the wheel a question in English. He replied in Russian that he neither spoke nor understood English.

"He's lying," muttered Dr. A's guide, "and in two minutes I'll prove it to you."

As the taxi approached the next broad street, Mr. B suddenly grasped the chauffeur's shoulder and cried out, "Quick—turn to the right!" The machine promptly swerved to the right.

Wishing to keep their objective secret from such a man, they got out some blocks from the hotel. Mr. B told the chauffeur in Russian to remain where he was until they returned. They proceeded by a winding route to their destination.

"If that fellow is a Checka," said Mr. B, "you'll soon find another of them on our trail."

A few minutes later, Dr. A turned around and discovered a man following them. They stopped a few times. He stopped also.

"Watch me shake off this sleuth," said Mr. B.

They then quickened their pace, turned a corner suddenly and stopped. Their pursuer rounded the corner on the run and clumsily collided with his waiting quarry. He apologized profusely and passed on. Without further incident they reached the hotel. Their business transacted, they discovered a third man eyeing them suspiciously in the lobby. They passed into the street. There they found their taxi awaiting them before the entrance instead of several blocks away as they had ordered. On being headed off by Mr. B, the chauffeur had signalled a confederate, who, when he was likewise blocked, passed the word somehow to a third confederate within the hotel—all in the space of a half hour.

The Checkas are no less vigilant in censoring the mail. Their all-seeing eye penetrates even the Moscow headquarters of the American Relief Administration, as the following incident will show. There is a mail box in the Moscow office, which is used only by the administration for communicating with the United States and the outside world. At regular intervals, official couriers, tried and trusted men, carry the sealed contents to points outside of Russia unknown to the Checka. There are also secret couriers. In this capacity Dr. A was engaged on his present journey. Much care is devoted to the selection of the Russian help, as well as all others at the Moscow headquarters. Only after a man's loyalty has been proved, is he assigned to a position of trust. Not long after the Moscow office was opened, the Soviet Government complained that one of the relief workers was violating the Riga agreement by writing diatribes against Russian communism. Proof of the charges was demanded. The government promptly produced a photograph of a letter signed by the accused man. It bore out the truth of the accusation. This letter was known to have reached its destination. The courier was absolutely trustworthy. How, then, did the leak occur? Finally, it was concluded that the Checka, either with the help of a janitor confederate, or by themselves breaking into the office at night, had forced the box, read the mail, photographed the objectionable portions and replaced everything before morning. From that time on, relief workers kept their letters about their person, and posted them only a few minutes before the courier's departure. The leak, in this way, was effectively stopped.

Without the Red army and the Checka, the rule of the Communist party would scarcely last twenty-four hours in Russia. The rank and file of the party are also welded together by a compact and unique organization. A Russian is a member of the Communist party, not by virtue of his belief in communism, state socialism, or even state capitalism, but simply because he believes in the dictatorship of the proletariat. As to what particular form the dictatorship assumes, and it has already assumed several during the Russian communistic experiment, he is not especially concerned. He leaves this to the deliberations of the Communist party. Out and out communism is now being replaced by a kind of state capitalism. Certain kinds of property are guaranteed, money is reintroduced, wages are paid, and rations are no longer doled out to a man because he is a citizen, but in proportion to the value of his services.

In theory, to be a member of the Communist party, is not unlike being a private soldier in an army ruled by the strictest discipline. Strict subservience is demanded, complete surrender of private judgment and prompt obedience to superior officers. Only before the party adopts a definite policy can one speak his mind. Once the party has voted, each member is bound, as by a chain of steel, to the decision of the majority. If one remains opposed in his heart, he must either act with the party or resign. In Russia there is no "opposition" to flee to. The little there is, is completely crushed by the Communist "steam roller."

A handful within the party are the real rulers of Russia. They are often referred to as "The Big Five." These are Lenin, the executive, who has the biggest prestige of all; Trotsky, who is the army, a mahogany desk Napoleon, followed blindly by his soldiers, and for whom they gladly die; Bucharin, the secretary, widely informed and a brilliant theorist; Radik, the shrewd and calculating foreign expert, and Zinovieff, chairman of the Petrograd Soviet, a party zealot, compounded of "blood, iron and ruthlessness." Krassin and Chicherin, keen and skillful diplomats that they are, are lesser luminaries, shining with the light reflected from "The Big Five."

Dr. A brought with him a number of samples of Russian money. To those familiar with the shattered Austrian currency, it was of peculiar interest to handle ssveral of Dr. A's one million ruble notes. Before the war, Russian rubles were approximately two to the dollar. At the time of Dr. A's visit, they were four million to the dollar. He also had several silver Soviet coins, each engraved with the motto, "Proletarians of the world, unite!" Hundreds of thousands of these coins were then stacked up in the Soviet treasury, their existence a secret from the Russian people. This was not so much a Russian as an international currency, coined in preparation for the world revolution, which, to the surprise of many of the Communist, has not yet come.

What is it that postpones the dissolution of this bloody Russian dictatorship for which the world has so long been waiting? One thing, besides the great Russian mogul, Marxism, and that is the fear of internal chaos. An invasion by the outside world, or a crusade against Russia by European imperialistic powers, is now known to be impossible. The peasants, likewise, are no longer to be feared. Although comprising eighty-five per cent.

of the population, they are illiterate and hopelessly disorganized, and, what is more, writhing at present in the throes of the greatest famine of history.

The peasants of the Volga region often quote an ancient proverb: "God commands thee never to show the bottom of thy bins." In previous famines, even during the great famine of 1891, this divine command was obeyed to the letter. Czarism was mild alongside the red terrors of Bolshevism. The peasants were then able to keep reserves for the next seeding, as well as enough food to tide the population over the oncoming winter. Often the rich landowners helped their needy peasant neighbors at the cost of much labor and self-denial. But during the present famine, although some well-to-do peasants have reserves which they are not sharing, the bottoms of ninety-nine out of every hundred bins have been scraped clean.

How did it happen? When the Don Valley, the Ukraine and Siberia were cut off by civil wars, the Volga region had to bear the strain of feeding the Red army and Central Russia. The soldiers emptied the peasants' bins, sometimes by requisition, sometimes by intimidation, often by force, always ruthless in their military thoroughness. To the Red army, the peasants were not proletarians, but "petty bourgeoisie," "Whites" in sympathy and foes in disguise. Those who resisted were massacred in large numbers by companies specially detailed for this brutal work. And as for the rest, what did they care how many would perish of hunger! The more they died off, the fewer mouths they would have to feed.

The famine has affected Moscow about as much as a famine in India affects London. But there is this difference between Moscow and London. Moscow has already suffered so much itself that it is now numb to human misery. Forty per cent. of its children die in infancy, and of those who survive, sixty per cent. have tuberculosis. In fact, Moscow was so indifferent to the tragedy being enacted in the ten stricken provinces that the United States had to insist on Russia herself doing something for the famine victims before the government was stirred into effective action. $10,000,000 was then contributed to the American Relief Administration famine fund.

The government went further. The Soviet authorities rationed the bread in the cities, telling the people that the surplus was destined for the Volga. Many concerts.

plays and bazaars were given for the benefit of the starving. Communists were bidden by the party to surrender their gold and valubles. Horse races were held, the government holding the bets—all for the dying along the Volga. But this was done only to save a national conscience, not wholly dead, and to prevent strife within the Communist party.

It is thirty-six hours by the fastest train from Moscow to Samara, the edge of the stricken provinces. In the larger towns on the railroad and along the river, conditions are serious enough, but in the interior they are horrible. There are villages seventy and eighty miles from the railroad, where supplies can penetrate only on sleds after the Volga freezes in November. In these backwoods regions there is no organization whatever. Little wonder that the population of these towns has begun to die out. Dr. A saw more than one village occupied only by the dead.

In one of these distant towns he had a very touching experience. Word had come to the relief workers that in a certain far-off village life was almost extinct. A messenger was immediately dispatched to go on ahead and tell the inhabitants to hold out a little longer, as relief was at hand. Auto trucks loaded with balanced rations were immediately headed for the spot. As the Americans drew near the stricken village, Dr. A saw a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Men, women and children were scattered along the road, some on their knees, some on their faces, others with arms outstretched toward their rescuers, begging piteously for the food which meant renewed strength and life. Still nearer the Americans came. Suddenly a low, weird, moaning sound arose, was taken up, one by one, by the prostrate people, and as it grew louder and louder, the whole mass, as if moved by a common instinct, crept on their knees until they reached their deliverers. Then they fell upon the bewildered relief workers, all the while continuing their loud, weird chant, and in a delirium of joy and tears, kissed the hands, feet and dust-stained uniforms of their rescuers.

"Perhaps it was their way of expressing gratitude," said Dr. A, "but to me it seemed out-and-out adoration."

There was no such thing as an "army of frenzied starving marching on Moscow." Famished Russians have neither the spirit nor strength for concerted action. Too well they knew the character of the Soviet Government. Their psychology is a simple one: rather than organize an expedition of this sort, they would lie down and die.

The nearest approach to a concerted movement of the starving is described in an appeal sent by Bishop Kessler of South Russia to *America*, and published August 12, 1922. The Bishop's flock consisted mainly of 2,000,000 farmers, who, over a century ago, emigrated from Germany and settled along the Volga. The flock is now scattered and their pastor in exile. He describes the exodus of his people, how, goaded by the lash of Bolshevist tyranny and the famine, they set out for the German frontier.

"The year 1919 had yielded a good harvest. Yet in 1920 nothing was left wherewith to sow their fields." Trotsky had sent his Red soldiers who "robbed" them "to their very skins." They were deprived of "all their cattle, fodder, grain, seed," and in some cases even of "their last piece of bread." The unfortunate peasants who resisted were butchered or "degraded to the most shameful slavery." Hunger took its toll in thousands.

The immediate effect was "an endless stream of emigrants in the direction of Germany." Trotsky ordered his Red regiments "to drive back the starving masses and to shoot the recalcitrants." But the sight of their sufferings moved even the brutal soldiers to compassion, and, with more mercy than their chief, they "allowed the fugitives to pass on." Their wanderings "can be traced by the hillocks of the dead." Hundreds of miles of arid and frozen steppes had to be traversed, yet they pushed doggedly on. "The remnant that arrived, like walking corpses, at the German frontier, brought the first news of the unspeakable misery that Bolshevism had inflicted on these colonists."

A still more pitiful movement of the starving was the migration of thousands of children southward in search of food, warmth and life. Again it was away from Moscow, as far, in fact, as the tiny refugees could get. The pitiful story is contained in a report made some time ago by the Soviet Commissariat of Education. At first, the Soviet Extraordinary Commission demanded its suppression on the ground that its publication would produce too shameful an effect on the outside world. Its contents, however, have recently been revealed. The report states that Southern Russia is "filled with homeless little ones" deprived of their parents either by death, accident, or, in the sad stress of the times, by desertion. "By instinct," it is said, "the mass tends southward towards the sun." The spectacle was so heart-rending as to move even Bolshevists to pity. "The authorities do not know what to do with them. Military detachments

seek even by force of arms to prevent this migration. An appalling mortality prevails." The peasants of the more favored districts refuse to feed the orphans who come to them. Like enemies the little wayfarers are driven off, sometimes even killed.

The so-called asylums for children are often "death-traps." Abandoned homes are to be found everywhere with broken windows and doors, no furniture, and with great gaps in the roof which let in the rain and the snow. These are often the only refuge of the dying and the dead, who lie on the earth floor, in filth and covered with vermin.

Many thousands of children are almost naked in the dreadful Scythian winter. Last year, the Soviet Government was able to give only a sixteen-inch square of textile covering to each child in need. It is a pitiful sight to see them huddled together in huts and dugouts, vainly attempting to keep warm. Their route was easy to follow, so often was it marked by mounds of the dead.

But the cold, bitter as it is, is not so hard to suffer as the pangs of hunger. Relief workers, strong, active men, were, at first, often moved to tears by the sight of little skin covered skeletons, still animated by a spark of life and able to look up at their rescuers with a smile. In the intermediate stages of starvation, cats, dogs and rats are eaten; in the last stages, the frenzied sufferers eat bark, leaves, leather, earth—anything to stifle the awful hunger pangs. In the death agony, the stomach and bowels distend until the little bodies are scarcely recognizable as human forms.

Hunger makes many of the famine victims mad. And when reason flees, the next step is cannibalism. Stories of this awful practice, which, despite the Soviet censorship, have reached the outside world, have not been exaggerated. Half devoured bodies were only too often discovered by relief workers. Indeed, the horrible practice was so prevalent in certain districts that the government issued decrees stating they would not be responsible for meat sold or distributed in public markets unless it bore a Soviet label. In spite of this precaution, large quantities of meat were bought and sold unmarked by the Soviet stamp.

Most of those who become victims to this horrible practice, wall themselves up in dens, caves and dugouts, as if to shut out the world from their unnatural crime. In one town, relief workers rounded up six of these unfortunates and photographed them, with the remains of

human flesh found beside them in their dens. In another village, a man was discovered in a dugout, and, in another, a woman with two children, in both cases with the horrible evidence of their crime lying near them.

One of the most revolting of Dr. A's pictures is that of a man and a woman: the man is shown with the head and two small portions of the trunk—all that was left of his wife; the woman with the half eaten body of her son. This man, when discovered, was found to be minus a thumb. Upon being asked how it happened, he said he had lost it in a battle with a dog. When his last scrap of food had gone, he caught sight of a dog and took after it. The animal seemed to realize its peril. Weak from hunger, as it was, for a long time it managed to elude its pursuer. Finally, the man drove the dog into a corner. In the struggle which ensued, the dog got the man's thumb but he got the dog. A week later, he was again without food, and his wife went the way of the dog.

But probably the most pitiful case of all was that of a boy of sixteen, apparently a degenerate, who was found in one of these dens beside the partially eaten remains of a man and a woman. He admitted this, his only food for weeks and weeks, was all that was left of his father and mother.

When Soviet police discover cases of this kind, the guilty persons are arrested, and, in most cases, "disappear," never to be seen again. The Moscow authorities, depraved as they are, realize that they cannot tolerate such unnatural crimes. They fear to bring the guilty ones to trial. The news of these unspeakable horrors might leak out and blacken still more the reputation they have abroad.

Dr. A had another weird experience in Orenburg, a town on the railroad not far from Samara, and close to the Siberian frontier. The relief workers were surprised to note that the inhabitants studiously avoided the sidewalks and kept to the middle of the streets. Inquiry revealed the grewsome fact that certain houses were barricaded either by the most abandoned criminals or else by starving maniacs. All day long, noose in hand, they would peer through the shutters, awaiting their opportunity to lasso a passer-by in the street below. Only too often had they been successful, and hand-over-hand hauled their struggling victims to the second story, where they were either beaten, robbed and thrown naked into the street, or else killed and devoured.

The relief workers are often face to face with scurvy,

cholera and typhus. These dread diseases follow everywhere in the footsteps of the famine. The Americans, however, are well equipped with all modern preventives and thoroughly instructed in their use. When passing through infected regions, they do not sleep indoors, but out in the open. Each man has a fur-lined sleeping bag. Before crawling into it, he carefully describes a large circle about his bed, sprinkling the ground with a powerful chemical preventive. This precaution keeps vermin at a safe distance and purifies the germ-laden atmosphere.

The relief workers not only tend the living and dying, but also very often bury the dead. Their usual method when in haste is to gather together the bodies of a district, transport them in trucks or wagons, and heap them up in an abandoned house or barn. This is then sprayed with kerosene and set on fire. The inhabitants of the famine region have thrown thousands of bodies into the Volga. Innumerable corpses have been seen frozen in bends of the river, waiting for the spring thaw to release them and carry them down to the Caspian.

The Russian churches and shrines are now being plundered by the Soviet Government on the pretext of rendering more adequate aid in the Volga region. Orthodox believers, Protestants and Jews are not spared. But the full weight of Moscow's hatred is thrown against the Roman Catholics of Western and Southern Russia.

There is an open and flagrant violation of the treaties and agreements signed with neighboring counties. In these documents, the Soviet Government guarantees to all religions, liberty of conscience and freedom of worship within Soviet territory. At the very same hour when M. Chicherin, the Soviet representative, at the Genoa conference, was assuring the Archbishop of Genoa —and through him all Christendom—of Moscow's good will towards the Catholic Church in Russia, ecclesiastical property was being confiscated, priests were in prison, some of them under sentence of death, and the relics of saints, venerated by Catholics for centuries, were being violated by emissaries of the Soviet Government. All this was and is today being done under the cloak of an hypocritical virtue, in the name of sweet charity in behalf of the starving along the Volga.

One incident of this type, and of a particular, though very sorrowful interest to all Ours, occurred on July 23, 1922, at Polock, a town not far from the Polish border. It is described in *America*, for December 2, 1922, and is

well worth recalling here. At noon, the church containing the body of Blessed Andrew Bobola, was surrounded by soldiers and entered by agents of the Soviet Government. Immediately they made for the relics of the martyr. They broke the seals, smashed the lock on the coffin, tore away the vestments and exposed the martyr's naked corpse to the gaze of the vulgar and impious soldiery. The coffin, still containing the sacred relics, was then placed on end and shaken vigorously. The body of the blessed was then violated in a manner too revolting for description. Despite all this fiendishness, the relics remained intact. When the Red troops departed, the weeping populace entered the church, and tender and loving hands removed all traces of the sacrilege. The sacred body was cleansed and reclothed in rich vestments, and the coffin, banked high with rare plants and flowers gathered by children, was again venerated by the grief-stricken faithful.

Apart from these revolting desecrations, was the spoliation of the churches and the confiscation of property necessary to save the lives of the starving? By no means. It is clearly seen to be a policy of hypocrisy and hatred, when it is remembered that much of the immense wealth and treasure, the gold, jewels and priceless art collections stolen from the Czarist regime and the murdered *intelligentia*, yet remain in the hands of the Soviet Government. To give but one instance related by Dr. A. In the great art museum at Petrograd, still hang dozens and dozens of masterpieces by Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Murillo and many others. These have remained untouched, although valued at more than $500,000,000.

The truth of the matter is that the great wealth of the Orthodox church aroused the cupidity of the Communists. Russian churches and shrines are exceedingly beautiful and richly adorned with gold, silver and rare jewels. In Moscow alone, in the Orthodox cathedral, besides priceless treasures, is a great altar of solid silver, which is said to be the most costly in the world. Little wonder, then, that the Communists are now glutting, in plunder and pillage, their bitter hatred of religion.

Dr. A had an interesting interview with one of the few Roman Catholic prelates now living in Russia. He lives in hiding and in constant fear of his life. Hearing of his distressful plight, Dr. A sent word that he would like to visit him in person, and to assist him, if possible, with American food and clothing. His offer was accepted.

A guide led him through innumerable corridors, secret doors and passages, and finally ushered him into the prelate's presence. He was cautious and reserved until Dr. A gave proof of his identity, and the prelate saw that he could trust him. He was exceedingly glad to meet Dr. A, and thanked him again and again for his assistance.

The prelate related the sad story of the persecution of his priests and people by the government. At that time, they were confiscating all the sanctuary treasures they could lay hands upon. Their procedure was usually as follows. An armed band of Red soldiers would suddenly surround a church, and the officers would enter and demand the sacred vessels. Sometimes the priests would be warned and had time to bury in a secret place most of the church treasures. More often they had to surrender everything. In the larger churches, the Soviet agents would carefully weigh the sacred plunder, and then say: "These weigh twenty-five pounds. Give us twenty-five pounds in silver coin and we will let you keep them." Sometimes a house-to-house canvass among the faithful would produce the required amount. A few weeks later, however, the Red soldiers would come again and carry off the same treasures which had been before redeemed. In this despicable manner, poor Catholics were often compelled to pay double tribute to their persecutors.

Several times, the prelate related, the plunder of the churches in larger cities was effected only with considerable loss of life. The people got wind of what was brewing, and when the soldiers arrived, they found the churches surrounded with a solid phalanx of old men, helpless women and children. The soldiers fired several volleys before the people fled and suffered them to continue their shameful task. Experiences of this kind warned Moscow to proceed cautiously. So they began their dastardly work in the outlying provinces, and gradually worked toward the more populous cities.

Upon Dr. A's departure, the prelate entrusted to the relief worker a large packet of letters, saying: "There! you have my life and the lives of several others in your hands." Owing to the rigid censorship of the Checka, letters of this kind cannot be forwarded to Rome except by special messenger.

At the time of his visit to Innsbruck, Dr. A had not yet met Lenin, Trotsky or any other of the "The Big Five." They seldom appear in public, and then only under a heavy guard. Dr. A was not at all eager to meet any of the Communist leaders, as the following incident

will explain. In a certain Russian city, he was introduced to the Communist Chief of Police. Some of the chief's friends joined the party. Striking up a reminiscent mood, the chief narrated some of his exploits while an officer in the Red army. It seems he was for some time detailed for the task of making away with the *intelligentia*, and, at the same time, scouting around for capable Red officers. He found a happy way, he said, of combining this double duty. For example, under a heavy armed guard, he once ordered a band of about one hundred of the *intelligentia* to be conducted to the top of the tallest building in the city. They were likely candidates for an officers' camp being, for the most part, lawyers, doctors, professors and business men. On the flat roof of the building, they were drawn up in line and offered their choice between instant death and officers' commissions in the Red army. About half of them stepped forward to join the Red army. The chief and his subordinates then emptied their revolvers into the bodies of the rest. Their ammunition was exhausted. A number of recalcitrants yet remained. The chief then told with a hearty laugh, how, despite his lack of ammunition, he was able to satisfy the desire of the *intelligentia* for a noble death. One by one, he shoved them off the top of the high building. With an expression imitative of the sickening thud with which the bodies struck the pavement, the Red Chief gloated over the revolting massacre. "And to think," said Dr. A, "that I had shaken the hand of such a fiend! Would that I could have scraped off his bloody touch!"

Not long after Dr. A's departure, another visitor from Russia arrived at Innsbruck. This was none other than M. Chicherin, the astute head of the Russian delegation to Genoa, who had occupied the center of the diplomatic stage during the whole conference. Disappointed at the abortive conclusion, he repaired to Innsbruck, to rest, as he said, after all the bickering and wrangling, among the quiet mountains of Tyrol. He occupied a suite of rooms at the Tyrolerhof, Innsbruck's best hotel. Several times he was seen promenading on Mariatheresien strasse with a stout guard on each side. The Innsbruck police kept a vigilant eye on him. They do not relish the idea of Russian communism being propagated in Tyrol.

How many will perish before the famine runs its course? Millions have already died, and, in spite of the American Relief Administration, and the meager crop of

1922, millions of men, women and little children are today wrestling with starvation, madness and self-destruction. Millions more will surely perish unless further help comes, and without delay. The American Relief Administration has already achieved marvels, but it has much more than it can do in caring just for the children. This is its chief work at present. Thousands of families are torn apart, while parents in a frenzy of despair seek their lost little ones. Half fed babies, covered with scurvy, vainly seek nourishment from their mothers' empty breasts.

The touching appeal of the Holy Father, Pius XI, for his separated starving children in Russia, and, at the same time, the news of the relief organization which he himself established and sent to the famine regions, has turned all Catholic eyes to the East and moved them to respond quickly to his pitiful call for help.

Americans know well how to distinguish between the present Russian Government and the Russian people. American abhorrence for the crimes of the Communists may well prevent the United States Government from recognizing their right to rule Russia, but, thank God, it has not kept Congress from appropriating millions for the starving, nor hindered a large number of great-hearted men and women from giving millions more. America has stretched her generous hand across the sea and extended more help to the famine victims than all other nations together.

All this was done by Americans, as Americans. But now that Pius XI has spoken and acted, American Catholics will surely step forward, and, as Catholics and loyal, devoted sons and daughters, heed their Father's urgent call. The actions of the Soviet Government, instead of being a hindrance to their charity, will be only an incentive to greater effort. Each one will give gladly all he or she possibly can, so that the Holy Father may be able to purchase food and dispatch a veritable fleet of ships, until not an aged man or a helpless woman in the land need weep before an empty cupboard, until not a single child need moan with a hunger that cannot be appeased.

Meanwhile, the American colony in Tyrol looks towards the East, to the Land of the Red Death, and the thought of the national tragedy being enacted in that desolate land, enables them to bear with patience and even cheerfulness the hardships of Central Europe.

DANIEL BASSETT, S. J.

INNSBRUCK, January 14, 1923.

THE NEW ENGLAND NOVITIATE

Stockbridge Bowl, the popular name of Lake Mahkeenac, a body of water some two hundred acres in expanse, lies, as its name indicates, in a deep basin almost entirely surrounded by the Southern Berkshire Hills. It has an altitude of about 1,270 feet. On all sides, the land rises in a gentle slope from the shore and ends in rugged ridges, covered with stately elms. On the northeastern side lies "Shadow Brook," the property recently purchased for the novitiate and juniorate of the New England Province, that is to be. The name is taken from a tiny stream, shadowy in more senses than one, which finds its source just beyond Bald Head Ridge, the highest point of the estate, and flows through the property down to the lake. Any reader who is interested can find a description of the brook and hill in "Tanglewood Tales," by Hawthorne, which were written in the near vicinity of the estate.

As originally purchased by the late Anson Phelps Stokes in 1892, the estate covered about one thousand acres on the side of Richmond Mountain. For the site of his house, Mr. Stokes selected a spot some three thousand feet back from the lake, with an elevation above it of perhaps two hundred feet. Here he erected a dwelling, which is the largest private home in New England, and is said to be the second largest in the United States. The property was divided into two parts, "Shadow Brook" to the east, comprising 358 acres, and "Shadow Brook Farm" to the west, with the remaining 642 acres. "Shadow Brook Farm" is still in the hands of the Stokes family. It is "Shadow Brook," as distinguished from "Shadow Brook Farm," that was sold to the Society of Jesus for the sum of $200,000.

The property that goes with "Shadow Brook" consists of two parcels of land, described in the deed of purchase as Lots A and B, both irregular in shape, but more or less triangular. Lot A, on which the house and other buildings are situated, and which will probably be devoted mainly to recreational purposes, has a frontage on the northern side of about four thousand feet on a public road. The eastern and western sides, each of about four thousand feet, and each bordering on adjacent properties,

meet the lake at the southern extremity, on which there is a frontage of six hundred feet. Lot B begins at the western extremity of Lot A, and extends from a point at which three roads meet in a northerly direction some 5500 feet on the eastern side, and some 5300 feet on the western side, the northern line measuring about 2500 feet. This lot will probably be devoted mainly to the farm. In addition to the main residence, there are the usual out-buildings, numbering eleven, such as superintendent's house, barn, garage, hot-house, etc.

The first impression that one gets of the place is that of stately simplicity. There has been little or no artificial beautification of the grounds, and, except for well-kept lawns, the setting of the house is practically as Mr. Stokes found it. Either he was a man of chaste and simple tastes, or else the natural charm of the place so impressed him that he was loath to change it in any detail.

The house is in keeping with the grounds. Built on generous lines of Pittsfield marble, with upper stories in half timber and mastic, as one approaches the entrance he seems to be looking at a house built about a church.

There are three stories to the building and an immense cellar and attic. The first floor contains an office, a music room, a reception room, an entrance hall, a library, a stair-case, a dining room, lavatories and a coat room. In the west wing there are a guest room, two pantries, a kitchen, a scullery, a refrigerator room, and a servants' dining room. On the second floor there are fourteen master bed rooms, a sewing room, a linen room; also five servants' rooms, of which the smallest is 12x13 feet. On the top floor there are ten master bed rooms, with large closets, an extra large store room, a linen room and cedar room; also twelve servants' rooms. In other words there are fifty-four rooms in all. The average size of the master bed rooms is 25x30 feet; and of the servants' rooms is 15x20 feet.

The rooms are large and spacious, arranged with a view to an abundance of fresh air and sunlight, not for small, pretty effects. Practically no change will be required to adapt the building to the purposes of a novitiate and juniorate. The music room will serve as a chapel, with the adjoining room as a sacristy; the drawing room and the reception room are suitable for parlors. The library will probably be converted into the house library, and the dining room is excellent for a refectory. The kitchen appointments will serve for the present without

change. The larger rooms on the second and third floors will do admirably for ascetories, dormitories and class rooms, and the smaller rooms—there are really no small rooms in the house—will make comfortable quarters for the faculty and the brothers. In all, the house can accommodate a community of 150 members.

The view from the house, especially from the southern side, is one of rare natural beauty, but this beauty is of a strong, rugged type. There is not a single soft or enervating line in it. On the contrary, it suggests at once, the perfection of the Divine workmanship. One can almost fancy God lingering over details and modelling them so as to lift the mind and heart to heaven. There is also about the property and vicinity, an air of deep seclusion; not a house can be seen, and one gathers the impression of complete isolation. The towns between which the estate lies are Lenox and Stockbridge, and about which there is an air of considerable antiquity, as antiquity goes in the United States, for they were settled, the one in 1750 and the other in 1734.

From every point of view, therefore, the choice of "Shadow Brook" for the novitiate seems to have been a very happy one. The Berkshires are considered by physicians to be the most healthful portion of the Eastern States. Seclusion and beauty are here to an extraordinary degree; the house is extremely well-built, and is easily adaptable; the grounds are spacious, and the figure at which it was purchased is less than one-half that which would be required for the purchase of a suitable site and the erection of a suitable building in any other place. With Weston and "Shadow Brook," the New England Vice Province is singularly blessed.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES

The Apostolic Constitution of our Holy Father on the Spiritual Exercises is a great favor to the Society and a manifestation of His Holiness' zeal for the flock committed to his care. To every member of the Society it is a matter of deep and lasting gratitude. But while the Apostolic Constitution is a matter of immense thankfulness, it brings at the same time a grave responsibility. The Holy See, by again putting the stamp of so marked an approval upon 'The Exercises,' lays upon each one an

obligation of a deeper and more constant study of our 'Golden Book' and a more exact realization of its teaching, both in our lives and our apostolic labors.

It is not my purpose to emphasize the need and advantage of the study of the sacred volume of our Holy Father, St. Ignatius—that has been done for us from the very cradle of our religious life. The teachings of the Exercises have by God's grace been our guide from the very start. What has been suggested, is to offer some reflections which may be useful to Ours, whose giving 'The Exercises' has not been so extensive as mine.

In a former number of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS some reflections were offered on the manner of conducting retreats for the Secular clergy. In that paper, while regretting our inability to carry out in these retreats, the letter of the Exercises, it must ever be borne in mind that such inability of strict adhesion to our methods does not imply any lack of appreciation of even the least details recommended by St. Ignatius for retreats. So fruitful for souls, so blessed by heaven have been the injunctions of that holy book, that its least apparently slightest rule must ever be very dear to us, and worthy, as far as possible, of our closest fidelity.

At the present time there are circumstances and conditions which make strict adhesion to the letter of the exercises impossible. What they are was sufficiently indicated in the former paper and need not be gone into again. It would be a wrong idea to fancy that our clerical retreats are without great profit and notable improvement, because as yet we have not been able to bring them into entire conformity with the letter of 'The Exercises.'

My experience—not a slight one—has shown me a marked betterment and gradual advance towards the ideal. Retreats are now vastly different and better than they were twenty years ago. While as yet we have not succeeded in obtaining complete silence and a full formal meditation after the points, we have happily curtailed the time in which talking is allowed and brought about an increase of the time given to formal meditation. May we not look forward to the day when the Bishops will be willing to support our efforts for a closer practice of the rules laid down in the Book of Exercises?

A still closer approach to this ideal of Our Holy Father will come when the Bishops establish retreat houses in which small groups of their priests may be accommodated for longer and more serious retreats.

There are indications of a ready response on the part of some Bishops to requests from their clergy for an arrangement of this kind. This should be our constant aim and the object of frequent prayer. Meanwhile we should prudently coöperate in raising the standard of these general retreats, and secure greater coöperation on the part of both Bishops and clergy towards a better observance of silence, and towards a closer adherence to the strict forms of the Exercises, giving all the time possible to contemplation, meditation, self-examination and self-reform.

JOHN H. O'ROURKE, S. J.

We subjoin the Constitution of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, of which Father O'Rourke speaks in his note.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES
APOSTOLIC CONSTITUTION OF PIUS XI
July 25, 1922

It has always been the chief concern of the Sovereign Pontiffs to commend, and highly to praise, to promote, and strongly to encourage, all that notably makes for the goodness and perfection of Christian life. Now a place in the front rank of all that helps towards this end has been won by those Spiritual Exercises that St. Ignatius, by a certain divine instinct, introduced into the Church. For although, in the goodness and pity of God, men have never been wanting to set forth aptly deep thoughts upon heavenly things before the eyes of the Faithful, yet Ignatius was the first to begin to teach a certain system and special method of going through spiritual retreats. He did this in the little book which he wrote when he was still a quite uncultured man, and to which he himself gave the name "Spiritual Exercises." This method was such as wonderfully to help the Faithful to hate sin, and to plan out their life holily after the model of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

To the power of the Ignatian method is due the fact that, as Our Eminent Predecessor, Leo XIII, avowed, the high value of these Exercises has been proved by the "experience of the last three centuries . . . and by the witness of all who during that time put forth the chiefest flowers of ascetical training and holiness of life."[1] Along with the many shining examples of holiness actually found in the household of St. Ignatius itself, who expressly declare that it is from the Exercises, as its source,

1. Letter—Ignatianæ Commentationes, to Father L. Martin, late General of the Society of Jesus.

that they have drawn their whole plan of asceticism, we love also to recall, from among the Secular clergy, those two lights of the Church, St. Francis of Sales and St. Charles Borromeo. Francis, when seeking duly to prepare himself for episcopal consecration, carefully retired in order to make the Ignatian Exercises, and during them mapped out for himself that plan of life, to which he ever thereafter clung, according to the principles for the "reformation of life" contained in St. Ignatius' little book. Charles Borromeo, as Our Predecessor of happy memory, Pius X, has shown,[1] and as We Ourselves have proved in historical papers published before We were raised to the Supreme Pontificate, having experienced the value of the exercises and being led by them to adopt a more perfect life, went on to spread abroad their use among clergy and laity alike. Among holy men and women belonging to religious bodies, it will be enough to quote for example, that mistress of most lofty contemplation, Teresa, and Leonard of Port Maurice, the son of the Seraphic Patriarch, who rated St. Ignatius' little book so highly, that he owned he wholly followed its plan when winning souls to God.

Accordingly this book—so small in bulk, yet so "wonderful"[2]—has, from its very first edition, been solemnly approved by the Roman Pontiffs; they have loudly extolled it, have sanctioned it by their Apostolic Authority, and have never ceased to lead men to use it, by heaping the gift of holy indulgences upon it, and gracing it with repeated encomiums.

We regard it as certain that most of the ills of our day start from the fact that "No man thinketh in his heart" (Jer. xii, 11). We deem it proved that the Spiritual Exercises, made according to the plan of St. Ignatius, have the greatest efficacy in dispelling the most stubborn difficulties with which human society is now confronted; and we have studied the rich crop of virtues that ripens today no less than of old in spiritual retreats, not only among members of religious congregations and the Secular clergy, but also among the laity, and, what in our age is worthy of special and separate remark, among the working classes themselves. Therefore we earnestly wish that the making of these Spiritual Exercises should daily spread wider and wider abroad; and that those Houses of Devotion, into which men withdraw for a

1. Encycl., Editæ Sæpe.
2. Benedict XIV in his Apost. Letter, Quantum Sucessus.

whole month, or for eight days, or for fewer, there to put themselves into training for the perfect Christian life, may come into being and flourish everywhere more and more numerously.

This in Our love for the Lord's flock we beg from God; and therefore in answer to the earnest desires and petitions of the Sacred Hierarchy of both rites in practically the whole Catholic world, and also because We Ourselves are eager to give no doubtful sign of our gratitude towards the Holy Patriarch at this time, particularly when occur the third centenary of the canonization of St. Ignatius and the fourth centenary of the writing of this golden little book,—following the example of our Predecessors who have assigned patrons and guardians to various Institutions, having called a council of Our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Catholic Church who preside over the Congregation of Sacred Rites, We, by Our Apostolic Authority, declare, constitute and announce Saint Ignatius of Loyola to be the Heavenly Patron of all Spiritual Exercises, and accordingly of all Institutes, Sodalities, or groups of whatever sort, which bestow their care and zeal upon those who are making the Spiritual Exercises

And We decree that these Our Letters are and ever will be firm, valid, and efficacious, and that to them belong and shall accrue their proper, full, and integral effects, notwithstanding anything whatsoever to the contrary.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

Life of Blessed Robert Bellarmine. The Encyclopedia Press, Inc., 119 E. 57th street, New York. 24 pages, with portrait, strong paper covers, 10 cents a copy, postpaid, $6.25 per 100.

Father Campbell's short life of Robert Bellarmine, declared Blessed at last, on May 13th, is for popular distribution among students of our colleges, parishioners of our churches, and in general among all who are, or whom we would have, interested in our work.

It is an extraordinary story, and it appeals strongly to readers in this country, partly because of his political theories on the origin of civil power, and partly because of his chivalrous manner, especially in controversy. He should be hailed as patron of true democracy.

Ever Timely Thoughts. Cheerful Considerations on Facts of Enduring Worth. By. Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J. 12mo., cloth, with frontispiece, net $1.25, postpaid, $1.35. Published by Benziger Brothers, 36-38 Barclay street, New York.

Thoughts of a sort, as the reverend author so aptly states in his preface to this happily conceived new volume from his versatile pen, are tossed about nowadays thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa. Commercialized magazines and newspapers are continually feeding the minds of their readers with ideas cunningly and alluringly worded, and often attractively illustrated, which are, however, permeated with the all-destructive spirit of present-day worldly principles.

Therefore, to help us shake off these human and natural tendencies, born only of selfish solicitude for things temporal, Father Garesché offers in this new book a series of thought provoking themes, ever timely, because these thoughts rise from earth to eternity, not concerning themselves with the unsubstantial product of the modern magazine and newspaper writer.

In his usual sprightly and appealingly warm-hearted manner the author leads us with him, all the while presenting food for reflection intimately affecting our spiritual welfare, animating us toward a more perfect life in the service of God, and illuminating our way in these whirling and unstable times.

The Early Friends of Christ. By Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price $1.75 net.

In praise of this work, the *Ecclesiastical Review*, for May, has the following: "It deals in a popular way with the

figures surrounding our Lord, mainly in His youth. As the chapters of the book are evidently meant for desultory reading or instruction, having no logical or chronological links to hold them together as a connected narrative, priests will find the book satisfactory for spiritual reading or as a source of preaching material."

Constantinople, Canterbury and Rome. A Criticism of Bishop Gore's theory of the Catholic Church. By the Rev. F. Woodlock, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Price $1.25 net. 1923.

"These lectures were occasioned," Father Woodlock says in his preface, "by an advent series of addresses on "Catholicism and Roman Catholicism," given by Bishop Gore, in Grosvenor Chapel, Mayfair, in December, 1922. They are being published, as the lecturer hopes, that individuals from among the very large audiences which heard them delivered in Farm Street Church, on the Wednesday evenings of January, 1923, may care to have them in print."

"The lecturer believes that the church theory propounded, after mature thought, by Bishop Gore, is the one that is held today and will be for years to come by typical Anglo-Catholics. There is no room for further development of the 'Branch Theory' of the church. Canterbury will never imitate Constantinople and Rome in calling herself the *whole* Church Catholic."

Le Point De Depart De La Metaphysique. Par J. Maréchal, S. J. De l' Antiquité à la fin du Moyen Age: La Critique Ancienne de la Connaissance. Chartes Beyaert, editeur, 6 Rue Notre Dame, Bruges, Belgique. Librairie, Felix Alcan, 108 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris. Cahier I, 1922. Cahier II, 1923.

The *Ecclesiastical Review* for May, 1923, has a very full and sympathetic review of *Cahier I.* We quote: "Epistemology has come to absorb almost the whole of philosophical theory outside of Catholicism. In Catholic schools, however, the Aristotelian Metaphysics abides as an objective science; as representative not only of a possibility, but as an ever persistent actuality. It is of vital importance to justify this position at the bar of sound logic and common sense, and to refute the negative sceptical attitude taken by the Kantian and post-Kantian philosophy. To do this is the purpose of the undertaking begun in the monograph above.

"The author has gone to the original sources, whilst at the same time he has utilized the labors of others. The literature of epistemology is immense. Father Maréchal has examined the most influential types. His work promises to be a most valuable contribution. Though treating of but a single problem, it treats that problem in a masterly fashion, both historically and critically. . . . While the *Cahier formats* are meant to be convenient manuals for the use of students, the

work as a whole will be most thoroughly serviceable to professors."

Of the second *Cahier*, Father Maréchal says in his introduction: "Le but de notre second Cahier est avant tout d'exposer comment la philosophie moderne, jusqu'à l'avenement du Kantisme, demeure, a son issue, dependante du bas moyen age et, si l'on nous permet une expresssion triviale, dégorge petit à petit, en thèses explicites, tout le venin caché du nominalisme. Sauf à renier son point de départ, elle ne pouvait pas ne pas aboutir, soit a Hume, soit a Wolf ou a Spinoza. Nous avons dressé, précèdement, le schema, logique de ce developpement; l'histoire progressive des systèmes est à peine moins schematique."

Reardon Rah! Robert E. Holland, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. $1.25.

Father Holland, whose "Life of St. John Francis Regis" was favorably reviewed in THE LETTERS a few months ago, has this time turned his pen to the juvenile field, and the excellent result is "Reardon Rah!"

This story, with a Boston atmosphere put in a Washington setting, records in most enjoyable pages 'The Trials and Triumphs of An American Schoolboy." It is likewise the tract on Grace applied to a very human boy, for "Dan Reardon" has a long way to go to reach perfection. Neither is he perfect as we leave him in the last chapter, for 'Dan' has stumbled and fallen by the wayside and risen up, humbled and chastened, and tried again. The lesson that 'My Grace is sufficient" is always there; sometimes near the surface, sometimes cleverly hidden. Thus, readable "Reardon Rah!" will do much good when it falls into young hands, and its salutary lessons sink into fresh, impressionable hearts.

Father Holland has made his "Dan Reardon" speak the universal language of the healty, normal, American boy, not the precise, priggish diction of an utterly impossible knickerbockered and silk handkerchiefed John Henry, Junior.

The Vision Beatific. By Rev. John D. Walshe, S. J. Illustrated by Dorothy Wallace. Press of Eaton & Co., San José, Cal. 1923.

"The Vision Beatific" is blank verse throughout—written in forceful iambic pentameter—and is divided into three distinct sections, viz., a prologue, three cantos and epilogue. The cantos are, in turn, apportioned off into stanzas of attractive length.

Briefly, the poem is the story of a pilgrim whose one ardent daily prayer has been to enter the Kingdom of God—to see it through terrestrial eyes in all its glory and splendor. His desire is finally gratified when his guardian angel, moved by the fervor of his appeal, offers to conduct him before the celestial throne. Together, they speed on wings of light

into the upper ethereal spaces, and entering the gates of paradise, mingle with the myriads of souls abiding there, moving onward and upward through scenes of miraculous beauty until they stand in the presence of God and the elect of heaven. Throughout their journey the angel acts as guide —explaining and counseling as they proceed along. The pilgrim, it is interesting to note, is Father Walshe himself, and his adventures are related in the first person, thereby making them all the more intimate and convincing.

Vermeersch-Creusen, Epitome Juris Canonici, Tomus III—Libri IV et V Codicis Juris Canonici. Malines and Rome; Dessain. Bruges, Beyaert; Bruxelles, Dewit.

In reviewing the former volumes, the WOODSTOCK LETTERS described this work as a comprehensive and accurate summary of the ecclesiastical legislation contained in the Code, and remarked that the explanation of the canons was presented by the authors modestly, but freely, always endeavoring to remove the difficulties which the reader may meet in the text of the law.

The same features characterize this third and last volume of this excellent work. As in the preceding volumes, besides explaining the terms and the context of the law, the authors do not hesitate to express their opinion on doubtful points, always with brevity and sufficient clearness.

At the end of the volume there are four very useful indexes. The first has a list of all the censures *latæ sententia*, which at present are in force by virtue of the Code. The second contains a bibliography of Canon Law, with the names of authors, old and new, alphabetically arranged. In the third, all the canons of the Code are quoted by their respective numbers (from 1 to 2414) with references to the places in which each canon is treated in the book. Finally there is an elaborate and detailed index of the matter contained in the three volumes.

Arthurus Vermeersch, Periodica de Re Canonica et Morali. Tomus XI, fac. iv. 15 February, 1923. Bruges, Beyaert, Barcelona, Eug. Subirand, Puertaferrisa. Rome (19) via del Seminario, 120.

This number closes the eleventh volume, which covers 160 pages of the *Supplementa* and 222 pages of the *Monumenta*. Here are the titles of some of the questions treated in the *Monumenta* of this number: De Integritate Novitiatus, De Excusatione a Præcepto Communi Ecclesiæ, De Administratione Temporali, De Renuntiatione Bonorum.

OBITUARY

Father Patrick Francis Xavier Mulry

Father Patrick Francis Xavier Mulry, who, after a long and painful illness, died from cancer of the stomach, at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, November 2, 1922, was born on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, December 3. 1860. He was the brother of Thomas M. Mulry, of national charity fame, and the last to die of four Jesuit brothers, all of whom attracted wide attention by their sterling qualities of character.

Father Mulry received his early education from the Christian Brothers, and was at one time thinking of joining their congregation, as he informs us in his memoir of his brother George. But God had other designs on him; it was not by accident that he was born upon the feast of St. Francis Xavier—his brother George seems to refer to this in a letter to him on his birthday some years after, when both were scholastics. He writes: "It was providential that you should have been born on St. Francis Xavier's day. May it fulfil some of the high hopes we are silently cherishing together, and make us at least tiny warriors in the cause in which he was so grand a hero."

On August 6, 1877, he entered the novitiate, Manresa, West Park, N. Y. He remained there also for his juniorate. He made the usual seven years of philosophy and theology, at Woodstock, with four intervening years of regency, teaching physics and Chemistry at Boston College. From his theology, in September, 1894, he went to his tertianship, at Frederick, Md, the saintly Father Villiger, being tertian master. Early in the Spring of 1895, he received a letter from Rev. Father Pardow, Provincial, with a message: "St. Joseph sends you a present. Go to Jamaica by the first opportunity. Father Collins will accompany you." This message was the happy consummation of the prayers of Father Mulry to spend his life on the missions. From a communication of a Jamaica friend I read: "Father Mulry arrived in Jamaica early in April, 1895, with Fathers Collins and Rapp, the first of the Jesuit Fathers of the Maryland-New York Province to come to this mission. He preached on the following Sunday, and immediately established a reputation for great eloquence and learning; whenever he preached a course of Sunday evening sermons the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, non-Catholics being much in evidence."

Father Mulry had a temperament, which was partly providentially given and partly inherited, which combined the excellencies of his father, who was Irish, and his mother, who was of Dutch ancestry. Upon this temperament he, by natural and supernatural means, formed a character which was not only gentle and affectionate, bnt was at the same time strong, consistent and stable. He could say with St. Paul, "who is weak and I am not weak, who is scandalized and I am not scandalized." He was indeed of an affectionate character. He gives an instance of his affectionate disposition when a child, to illustrate some virtue of his brother, in his introduction to his memoir of his brother George. When his brother Michael was leaving for the novitiate, Sault-au-Recollet, Canada, he, with some others, accompanied him to the station. While the others were able to restrain their tears, he says of himself, "my feelings got the better of me and found vent in tears." In the 408 pages of his memoir of his brother George, he studiously avoids speaking of himself directly, but only indirectly, and when it helped to illustrate some virtue of his brother. There are many pages of beautiful letters from his brother to him, but not one of his to his brother.

It was his same affectionate character, supernaturalized, that impregnated his whole life and was the God-given basis of his extraordinary devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. His devotion to the Sacred Heart was undoubtedly his predominant devotion, and was no doubt the fountain head and source of his many other devotions and virtues.

A lady, who was one of his promoters assistants in his good works during his long apostolate in Jamaica, writing of his devotion to the Sacred Heart, says: "He was director of the League of the Sacred Heart for 15 years—1895-1907 and 1913-1916. This was a work which was very dear to his great, generous heart—think of what it means, the regular Friday evening sermons for all those years, in addition to his other arduous duties. His promoters' meetings were real joys to all concerned. He started the Sacred Heart library in connection with the league in 1895, with one single box of books from the States. From that tiny beginning sprung the parish library, still retaining its original name, although no longer connected with the League."

Like his master, the Sacred Heart, he loved the poor, like his Master, he always had the poor with him. His whole priestly life was one long ministration to the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick and the one in prison.

His love of the poor and afflicted began with his first year in Jamaica. For the first eight years we notice in the catalogues of the province he has, together with a great many other works, charge of a hospital prison, poor house, leper

asylum, and for six years of this time, St. Peter Claver's Orphanage. From then on his love and devotion and work for the poor and afflicted increased more and more until it embraced every conceivable kind of misery and need, and extended, I may say, all over the island.

One of his promoters of the league writes: "Scarcely a promoters' meeting took place without his giving some account of the work for the poor and sick, which was simply heroic, and of which he spoke as the most natural thing in the world, and told with all simplicity in his inimitable style and with his keen sense of humor. His love for the poor was very great."

Father Mulry heard, as if especially addressed to him, these words of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: "Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart." He had too keen a sense of the value of the virtue, humility, the pet devotion of his beloved Sacred Heart, not greatly to make it his own. His whole life and work and virtues bore unmistakably and indelibly impressed upon them this heart seal of his King.

Very many examples of his humility could be garnered from every stage of his known life. Allow me to take one, printed in the January *Pilgrim*, from a tribute to him from Rev. John Clifford, religious work director of the Young Men's Christian Association, and commonly known as 'Arizona's Fighting Parson,' November 4, 1922:

"I have just now taken my last look at the face of my friend, Father Patrick Mulry, and as I came from the service in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, I could not help thinking of the large crowd of people away in Jamaica who would mourn the loss of this splendid old man. Coming into personal contact with Father Mulry, at the time of the terrible earthquake in Kingston, we became friends and co-workers in relieving the suffering. The friendship there formed has never been broken. I can never forget a scene on one of those terrible days, when surrounded by several hundreds of hungry people, the Father stood in the broiling sun handing out tickets for relief. He was wearing a hat which long before should have been destroyed, his coat was off, his undershirt split and torn, and his trousers were tied with a piece of twine. He had not been shaved for two or three days, and also by the grime on his face and hands looked as if water was a scarce commodity. I could not help laughing, and was asked for an explanation, which, when given, also brought an answering laugh, as he reminded me that I could not have had the use of a mirror for at least a week, but he said, 'what difference at such a time if the heart is clean?'"

Father Mulry, if we may judge from his words and actions, living so constantly as he did, like St. John the Evangelist in the Sacred Heart, must have often meditated upon those beautiful words of the Sacred Heart, spoken to those of his little community, the first Society of Jesus, made up of those

whom He called His friends: "This is My commandment that you love one another as I have loved you."

Father Mulry was not one who had two faces, one of smiles and pleasantry and interest for the world outside of the community, and another of frowns, silence and grumness for his brothers of the community. He was always ready to share with his brothers any amusing incident that he observed during the day; he was always ready to help a brother; he was careful to write the news to his absent brothers, talk over his work, his successes and failures, to give a brother his confidence where he might assist him; while belittling his own he would look with a microscopic lens upon the work of his brothers. These traits could be illustrated from many passages in his letters and other writings. Only lately did I hear a Father who lived with him during some of the later years of his life say: "I admired Father Mulry for his observance of the community exercises —he loved community life." I quote one letter out of many showing these beautiful traits:

St. Anthony's Mission

Port Antonio, Nov. 30, 1909.

Dear Father N——,

P. C.

A little package of pictures came from you last night; God bless you a thousand times. One more example of your great charity. My thoughts are with you often in the engrossing work which the Sacred Heart has sent you. Not much poetry about it, no doubt, except —and that's what counts with one of our vocation, the poetry of souls. By the way, Father, you and I have just commenced to grow old in the service; it's only lately that I have begun to realize it, and next Friday, the finishing of my forty-ninth terrestrial year, will bring the thought still nearer home. Do you know, too, I'm tempted to think that a fellow gets a little soft with age—soft of head perhaps, as well as of heart—some might call it mellowing with the years, only in my case it don't mean the diminution of crankiness, quite the contrary. But I do miss community life more and more, and I long for the sweet intercourse of other days when with my brethren the sweets of religion were mine."

Father Mulry was Superior of the Jamaica Missions from November 3, 1903, to March 12, 1906. His appointment was made at a very difficult time. His term of office was very trying indeed. He had to contend with enemies from without and not a few difficulties in home affairs. He could more easily meet great big opposition and difficulties from the enemies of the church and those arising from circumstances of time, place, etc., than little troubles in home affairs, where his brethren were concerned. The slightest trouble at home was like a needle in his affectionate heart. His appointment was made during a transitional period, a gradual

transition of adjusting the English and Jamaica customs with ours. It was also during the process of forming the dual superiorship. It needed prudence and patience to avoid friction. The Bishop had been for years, both Bishop and Superior of Ours. In passing, I might mention that the bringing to Jamaica of the Saliesians was the cause of no little confusion and misunderstanding.

Again Bishop Gordon, the cultured gentleman, a prince among men, a man of broad experience, educated, refined, of extraordinary strength of character, who had organized a body of Papal Zouaves to fight for Pius IX, the master strategist, began to weaken. His years of heroic work in the nerve-racking climate of South Africa, his many years in tropical Jamaica, his struggle with almost insurmountable difficulties, his endless combats with a pack of ignorant bigots, together with his lengthened years of life were too much for even the strong man, and he became senile during the superiorship of Father Mulry. This of course made difficult the position of Father Mulry in more ways than one. In the first place, it was no easy matter to take the place, all of a sudden, of such a man as the Bishop, and to straighten out things with the Bishop himself.

Father Mulry was a most accessible, companionable Superior. He would prevent you with his thoughtful kindness, he would as Superior foresee what you needed and wanted and send it to you. He would look forward or keep tabulated the anniversaries of his subjects' birth-days and be ready on the day with a word of congratulation or pleasantry.

Let us hear what Bishop Collins, whose name caused Father Mulry "to have an ecstasy of joy" when he heard he was coming to take his place as Superior and acting Administrator, thought of and had to say about Father Mulry.

KINGSTON, April 16, 1906.

DEAR FATHER N——

I have received a letter from Father Provincial in which he hints at taking Father Mulry back to the States. As you know, this would be a calamity to the mission at this time in its history. He is the very embodiment of an American Missionary, and has been known here to stand for all that is best in a Catholic priest. His recall for this reason would be like taking our very head off. On paper I am the head of this mission, but in reality, Father Mulry is the leader of the Catholic body here, and will continue so for years to come if not recalled, and if God grants him health and strength. It would be particularly unfortunate just now to recall him, as Protestants would look upon it as proof that his battle for justice to Catholics was not approved by Catholic priests and people here. It would mean, I think, that I would have to go over the same ground again, and I could never hope to come out of the fray with the same glory as my big *confrere*. I beg you, therefore, either to see Father Provincial or write to him and impress upon him the neces-

sity of leaving him here. . . . May be that God has directed your steps to the States to help me retain the chief support of the mission."

Yours in X——,
J. COLLINS, S. J.

This letter was the unselfish acknowledgment of Father Mulry's invaluable service for the Jamaica Missions. It was not written to praise Father Mulry, it was a heart pleading for the good of the Mission by his retention, for as Bishop Collins says, "his removal would have been a calamity at that time to the mission." It was not meant for the public eye. It is exceedingly rare to get such a combination of circumstances for estimating or judging a situation or a person's character, or the value of an encomium. I may add that before using Bishop Collins' letter he was asked if he had any objection to the use of a letter he had written in the past in which he praised Father Mulry. To this question Bishop Collins wrote: "You may send any letter of mine about Father Mulry to Father Woods for publication."

Father Mulry had, as we said before, a most fortunate God-given temperament, upon which he formed and supernaturalized, with God's grace, by a hard struggle, a character, which being gentle and affectionate. was at the same time strong, consistent and stable, a most invaluable and precious instrument in the hands of God for a Jesuit to accomplish the end of his Society as expressed in the second rule of the Summary: "To attend not only to his own salvation and perfection, with divine grace, but with the same seriously to employ himself in procuring the salvation and perfection of his neighbor." These supernaturalized qualities of character helped to give to his undertakings, habits and virtues, strength, consistency and stability. They enabled him to acquire in a high degree those virtues, and to accomplish undertakings which are characteristic of strong characters.

It is in reference to these traits of character that we read in the November number of the *Fordham Ram:* "When the names of Francis Xavier were added to that of Patrick Mulry, there was formed a combination that aptly represented his character. The zeal of Xavier burned in him, while his love of Ireland was conspicuous at all times, and these qualities were capped with the strong Mulry character, making of him a striking figure in the religious history of Jamaica for more than a quarter of a century."

In reference to these qualities of temperament and character we read in the *Jamaica Gleaner*, November 4, 1922, as applied to him these lines from Julius Caesar:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man."

It was especially with these qualities that his zeal was impregnated. He became the very incarnation of zeal. "I

have come to cast fire upon the earth and what would I but it be kindled." This fire of the heart of Jesus was certainly kindled in the heart of Father Mulry, kindled into not only a devouring fire of love for God, but a devouring flame of zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls.

Allow me to select a few of many instances of his extraordinary zeal that might be given:

"While he was serving on the Education Board, which was composed of the heads of the various denominations laboring in Jamaica, the charge was made that the Catholics were trying to proselytize the Protestant children in their schools. In his reply he denied that the Catholics were using any undue influence on the Protestant children, and then turning to the members of the board, he said: "Gentlemen, I wish it were possible to bring every one of you into the church. The presiding officer, the Archbishop of the West Indies, said after the meeting: "I wish our ministers had the zeal of that man."

Here is another instance:

"It was during the rainy season, when the roads are very bad and traveling very difficult at times in the mountains. Father Mulry was at Avocat and got a sick call for a reputed Obeah man. Some of his congregation present told him it was impossible for him to get there in such bad weather. It was only a goat track. As he found the messenger had come direct, he said he would go. Some were afraid of his going, as the man was well known as an Obeah man, but Father told them the Catholic Church was stronger than any Obeah man. Well, he got to the man by leaving his horse at the foot of the hill and helping himself up by projecting roots of trees; the track was steep and very slippery from the rains. Before reaching the hut, he heard the man shouting and swearing. On seeing him he thought that the man looked as if possessed by the devil. He called out to him in a friendly way. "Come in Father," said the Obeah man to him, at the same time he ordered out the others in the room. Father said that he never understood how that man got the grace to have such a good death. It could only be due to the love of the Sacred Heart for men. He baptized him, heard his confession. Afterwards the expression on the man's face was so changed that he could hardly believe it was the same person, God's grace was so outwardly shown. The man died that night. Father returned to Buff Bay tired and foot-sore, but in excellent spirits. He had the chance of doing something for the Sacred Heart. It was impossible not to join with him in his joy, it was so genuine and sincere, just like a happy school boy who had won the coveted prize in his class."

Permit me to quote a letter printed in the Christmas number, 1922, of *Catholic Opinion*, written from his dying bed to the Knights of St. John:

St. Elizabeth's Hospital,
New York City, Oct. 9, 1922.

Fellow Knights:

From what in all probability will shortly be my death bed, I am dictating my letter of hearty acknowledgment for your exquisite letter of sympathy dated August 28, and just received from you. In heaven, if the Heart of Our Blessed Leader sees fit to admit my unworthiness there, you may depend upon it, there is not one of you who will not be in my continual remembrance. May heaven's light shine upon the commandry here on earth and the families of those who belong to it. May the material help which it bestows so fraternally and liberally, be but a symbol of the rich graces to come upon you from a higher participation in the big charities of the Catholic Church. As Knights of St. John, be your coöperation with the objects of the Church of Christ no ordinary one. Christ is the crown of your knighthood, and much depends upon you and your unswerving Catholicity to bring home to the homes of Jamaica Catholics the sweetness and strength of His Own Peerless Heart of Hearts. Pray for one who counts as the favor of his life now ending that the great captain, Christ, gave him the missionary call to Jamaica, and that in Jamaica he was privileged to be associated with the Commandry No. 182 of the Knights of St. John.

In the Hearts of Jesus and Mary,
Patrick F. X. Mulry, s. j,

It was probably in the pulpit and with his pen in hand, in defense of his church and his faith, that Father Mulry's strength, fearlessness and stability of character appear at their best. He loved his church and his faith.

His tongue, which was honeyed and tender when talking with a child or consoling some poor soul in the confessional, and his pen, which dripped with affection when writing to a brother or friend, in the defense of his faith and church, became like two rapiers which cut deep down into the very marrow of heresy and the enemies of God and His church.

The *Jamaica Gleanor*, November 4, 1922, writes:

"Father Mulry was perhaps noted as a controversialist and used to be termed the 'fighting priest.' A brilliant writer, he never failed to hit out at his opponents on religious or educational matters. An eloquent and stirring preacher, his voice will no longer be heard within the silent walls of Holy Trinity Cathedral in which he labored with such true Christian devotion; but his memory will always linger in the minds of all who knew him, within his own flock as without, for he possessed such a genial personality that he readily endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact."

A Jamaica friend writes:

"He was a brilliant controversialist, and used that gift in writing as well as in preaching, yet so charming a personality

was his that his very opponents were won to love him by his charm, his genuine good will toward all men, his unbounded, self-sacrificing devotion to work, his simplicity, cheerfulness and bright wit. He loved to take his texts from the Old Testament, and had a marvelous memory for facts and figures."

From a letter to a Father in the country, dated May 8, 1905, he writes:

"Another fight is on, as perhaps you have seen in the newspapers. It began between the Archbishop and our own Bishop, and now it has got to be a stand-up between the Rev. Mr. Robinson, the last acting rector of the Spanishtown Cathedral, and the writer of this letter.

The charge is proselytizing on our part, especially in our government schools. *The Gleanor* will have a column and a half from my pen; I will send you a copy if you have not seen the first part of the dispute; tell me and I will do my part to supply the want. In the meantime pray for the great cause, and that means the extirpation of heresy."

From another dated March 6, 1906, you may notice ten months after, I read:

"A great battle today in the 'Education Board' and a partial success. Now for the Legislative Council, to make the success complete, if possible, then the bigots of the 'Education Board' may howl to their hearts' content."

"A rare gift of the pen made him the chosen defender of Catholic truth. This gift he was always ready to use for the glory of God, even though at times the multiplicity of his other activities imposed a great strain on him. The glorious knight of the pen never hesitated to draw his sword when provocation was given. His success against the enemies of our Faith became so outstanding that few dared to provoke it, and fewer of those who once attempted it ever returned to the fray; if they did they learned to regret it. As years went by, he took over the editorship of *Catholic Opinion*, a monthly Catholic magazine, which he retained until his last illness. Here he had an opportunity to combat error and to place before the people the teaching of the Church and her achievements in many lands, a work which was so dear to his heart and which he so admirable executed. The writer has heard it said in the States, that no better Catholic magazine came to our libraries than *Catholic Opinion*."

Father Mulry had an intense love for Jamaica; his soul was knitted to the soul of Jamaica as was the soul of David to the soul of Jonathan. He knew and loved the people of Jamaica; he knew and loved all the missions; his life was woven into the works and institutions of the Church and the lives of the people, so as to become one with them. As we have seen, he had the poor and afflicted with him all during his stay in Jamaica. He had been manager at one time or other of most all the schools in Jamaica; he had taught some

in the college. For six years he had been chaplain of the Knights of St. John and the St. Vincent de Paul Society, confessor at both convents, in charge of the League of the Sacred Heart for 15 years, assistant Editor of *Catholic Opinion* for one year and Editor for twelve years, in charge for a while of the Brownstown Mission and spiritual Father, collaborator of *America*, in charge of the Port Antonio Missions. The ground on which stands Holy Trinity Church, the college and house, I understand, was bought by money left him by his father's will; he built churches at Port Henderson and Gordon Town, reopened and enlarged that of Toll Gate and practically built that at Buff Bay; the Port Henderson Mission was begun by preaching under a tree. The love of Jamaica had become a second nature to him, he had done so much for it, he had suffered so many things in common with it, he had made so many sacrifices for it, that like his devotion to the Sacred Heart it became a passion with him. It became part and parcel of him. He sometimes addressed his friends as half of his heart. While on his death bed he had his sister answer a friend's letter. His sister wrote in the letter, "Father says to write these words: *Cordis mei dimidium servet Deus!*" So it was with Jamaica, it was not half but his whole heart.

Bishop Collins writes: "He said to me when he knew that he could not keep up (from weakness) the conversation; 'isn't it too bad we can't talk shop?' we were talking Jamaica." Bishop Collins tells us again: "The mention of Jamaica brought the light into his eye and he appeared to want to speak, this, too, when he was actually in his last death struggle."

St. Paul in his letter to the Romans says: "For whom He foreknew He also predestined to be made conformable to the image of His Son." Father Mulry had his passion and death, and in many ways they were conformable to those of our Dear Lord. It is to be regretted that a diary was not kept of his sayings and doings during the three months of his crucifixion, but what we have are enough to show that the virtues which he practiced during life became more resplendent as he approached nearer and nearer to his death. Take for example the letter he wrote to the Superior of the Mission, in July, 1922: "I've got at last out of the doctors that it's cancer that's ailing me, and not as hitherto given out to me, ulcer of the stomach; that means my case is hopeless and I must get ready very soon to give my final account with God. May the will of the Sacred Heart be done. I have no complaint, nor indeed reason to make complaint; I'd have liked to have worked longer in the field of the Master, but it is He that has the say, and it's a privilege to have been allowed by Him to have had even the try I've had. May His mercy magnify to acceptance the little I wanted to do." As expressed in these words does he not measure up to the heroic of conformity to the will of God?

Not long before his death an old friend called to pay him a visit. He was twisting from one side to the other to find, if possible, a position that would be less painful than the preceding one. He spoke of the cancer, which he said would, if a miracle did not intervene, cause his death. An intermittent nausea and retching caused him much misery. All of a sudden, as if he had been thinking out some problem, and just then found the solution, with his piercing dark eyes and very serious face, he turned to his friend and said: "It's worth it all." He evidently had been working out this problem in his mind. It was a problem which St. Paul had in mind when he said: "For I am now ready to be sacrificed, and the time of my dissolution is at hand—I have fought a good fight; I finished my course; I have kept the Faith. For the rest there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the just Judge will render me on that day." I hardly think that Father Mulry was at the time thinking so much of the crown that was awaiting him as he was the satisfaction he felt in his present and past sufferings, the sacrifices he had made and the work he had tried to do for the salvation of souls and the greater honor and glory of God. It was realizing on his death bed the observance of the seventeenth rule of the Summary, in "Seeking, in all particulars, always sincerely to serve and please the Divine Goodness, for the charity and singular benefits wherewith it has prevented us rather than for fear of punishment or hope of reward."

"It's worth it all," was his *consumatum est* with Christ on the cross. We are most fortunate in having the details of his last hours from Bishop Collins, than whom no one knew him better. "I saw Father Mulry at 3.30 P. M., spent a half hour with him, he died at 6 P. M. When I entered the room the nurse said to him: "Father Collins." He turned his head as far as he could towards me, smiled and tried to lift his right hand, which lay on the bed heavy and swollen, to grasp mine. He could lift it only a few inches. I took his hand, I saw the smile in his eye. He seemed to know everything that was going on while I was with him. I gave him Absolution and the last blessing, and pressing the crucifix to his lips I repeated the holy names. The nurse left me alone with him while I was there. The mention of Jamaica brought the light in his face and he appeared to want to speak. I said to the nurse as I was leaving: "You have had the privilege of nursing a saint." She said, "I appreciate it and I can say his patience has taught me a lesson." I met his sister, Sister Berchmans, outside the room in the corridor and said: "Well, Sister, I think Father will go to God tomorrow. He had such a wonderful devotion to the Sacred Heart I think he will meet Our Lord on the First Friday." She began to cry, and I could not help saying what a privilege he has had to have labored so zealously for God for so many years, and now by a long illness patiently born to be

cleansed from the dross of earth and made ripe for heaven. He has run true to the type of the heroic and saintly in his labors and in his sufferings. Father Scully, of the Sacred Heart Church, was present at the death of Father Mulry. When leaving, I told the nurse to call us by 'phone if there was a bad turn, and she promised. But when the end came there was no time, as he died quietly and without any special warning. A hasty call was sent to Father Scully, who was hearing confessions, and he ran over and was just in the room when Father died."—R. I. P.

Mr. Charles Kennedy

With the prayers of relatives, of loving friends, and of his religious brethren to accompany him, Mr. Charles Kennedy, was laid to rest in the cemetery of Santa Clara, on January 31.

He was born on September 1, 1894, in San Francisco. In 1907 he came to Santa Clara, where he entered the preparatory department. During his years at the Mission school he was very prominent in the altar society, and acted as sacristan for a long time.

He entered the novitiate at Los Gatos in 1911, and although only seventeen years of age, in the spring time of life, when the world is painted in its most alluring colors, he spurned its riches, its pleasures and its freedom to embrace poverty, chastity and obedience.

During the five years at Los Gatos, and the three years he spent in the study of philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Hillyard, Wash., he endeared himself to all his companions by his constant cheerfulness and never failing willingness to oblige. For eight years his influence for good had been confined to his own companions, but at last the time came when as a teacher at Santa Clara he could exercise the same good influence over the boys committed to his care.

After a few short months of successful work as a teacher, he lost his health, but with a tenacity of purpose worthy of the cause for which he labored, he continued his efforts. Not only did he finish out that year, but he continued teaching for two years more, one of which he spent at Loyola College, Los Angeles, the other at St. Ignatius College, San Francisco. These were dark days of trial and suffering which served to make evident another striking quality of his character, one which till now was fully appreciated only by his intimate friends—a remarkable strength of will.

During the last few months of his life, physical weakness forced him to rest for a while, as he thought, but God, Who does not measure in years, saw that the work He had set aside for Mr. Kennedy to do had been completed, and on the morning of January 29, He called His servant to receive the reward of his labors. The deceased is survived by his parents and four brothers. He was a nephew of Brother Kennedy.—R. I. P.

FATHER CHARLES A. KLEIN

On the 30th of January, Father Charles A. Klein died piously in the Lord at the Providence Infirmary, Mobile, Ala.

He was born at Ehingen, Wurtemberg, Germany, on the 19th of December, 1848. As a boy he served at the altar in his parish church of Our Lady of Mercy. He received his early education from the Sisters of Mercy, and when twelve years of age was sent to the College of St. Norbert for his classical studies. This college was under the direction of Secular priests, who, according to Father Klein's testimony, spared no pains to give their pupils a solid training in piety. Upon the completion of his studies at the age of eighteen, it was decided that Charles was to follow in his father's footsteps and take up the profession of medicine. He applied himself with his usual earnestness to the required course of study, but a two years' experience served to convince him that his vocation was of a higher order.

At this time he met two Jesuit Fathers who were giving a mission in his parish church, and expressed a desire of entering their order. They pointed out to him the impossibility of taking such a step on account of the impending expulsion of the religious orders from Germany. But this did not dampen the ardor of the young man, and after a few months of deliberation and prayer, especially to our Lady of Mercy, we find him on his way to America with a letter of introduction from the Jesuit missionaries to the Superior of their order in New York. He landed there in May, 1868, where he was most kindly received by the Fathers.

He remained a few months at their college to study English, and was then sent to the novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet, Canada. He took his first vows on the 2nd of August, 1870, and spent the two following years reviewing his classics and teaching grammar at the Collège Ste. Marie, Montreal,

The Canadian climate proved too severe for the young scholastic, and his health began to fail rapidly. He was ordered south to recuperate, and later became affiliated to the New Orleans Province, then only a mission. He spent six months at Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., and was then sent to New Orleans, La., where he taught four years in Immaculate Conception College. This college later became the principal theatre of his labors.

In 1878, Mr. Klein went to Woodstock, Md., to pursue his studies preparatory to the priesthood. He was ordained on June 11, 1881, by Archbishop, later Cardinal, Gibbons of Baltimore. Now the goal of his ambition had been reached, the dream of his childhood had come true. He was a priest of the Most High God, and his heart overflowed with love and gratitude when he said his first Mass. Throughout his life Father Klein was distinguished for his enthusiastic devotion to the Holy Sacrifice, and possessing a strong, musical voice, he was always ready and happy to sing High Mass.

After his ordination, Father Klein spent several years teaching at Spring Hill and the Immaculate Conception Colleges. In 1888 he made his tertianship in Frederick, Md., and the following year he was appointed to the triple office of vice-President, Minister and Treasurer of the College in Galveston, Texas. Here he labored five years and accomplished much good, both among the students and the people. He pronounced his last vows on August 15, 1890.

In 1894, we find Father Klein back in New Orleans as Treasurer of the Immaculate Conception College. He held this office for nineteen years in this college, and for three years at Loyola University, also in New Orleans. He was an accurate and painstaking accountant, and made many friends among all classes by his uniformly kind and cheerful disposition. During this time—more accurately, in 1901—he met with an accident which incapacitated him for a whole year. He was thrown from a street car and had his leg broken and shoulder dislocated. But after a year he was back at his work as light-hearted as ever.

Now nearing seventy years, age and infirmity began to tell on Father Klein, and his Superiors decided to relieve him of some of his harder work. In 1916 he was transferred to Mobile, Ala., as assistant Pastor of St. Joseph's Church and Chaplain of the Visitation Academy. After two years he returned to the Immaculate Conception College in the capacity of Spiritual Father of the community and confessor in the church.

It was in this year, 1918, on the 1st of August, that Father Klein had become a Jesuit fifty years before. He celebrated his Golden Jubilee, and his brethren and friends did all they could to make the veteran happy on the occasion. He sang his Jubilee Mass, not in the church, which at the time (October) was closed on account of the influenza, but in the chapel of the Good Shepherd Sisters. It was a Solemn High Mass, during which the Rector of the College preached the sermon.

The following year, 1919, Father Klein, broken in health, was sent to Spring Hill College, where, up to a few weeks before his death, he was Confessor of the students, and always ready to be of service, taught small classes of French and German.

It was with great reluctance that he took to his bed about the middle of January with an attack of the grippe, which later developed into pneumonia. He was soon moved to the Providence Infirmary in charge of the Sisters of Charity. Before any one appears to have apprehended any serious danger the patient asked for the Last Sacraments. After rallying somewhat he gradually grew worse. He had a specially bad day on Monday, January 29. At two o'clock on the following morning the Jesuit Father who said Mass at the Infirmary was roused and told that Father Klein was in

a critical condition. This Father repeated the Act of Contrition with him, gave him absolution, read the prayers for the dying and imparted the last blessing with the plenary indulgence. Then, as there seemed no immediate danger of death, the Father retired. A few minutes past four Father Klein passed away. According to the sister and nurse who were with him he had regained full consciousness, and in the death struggle attempted to sit up and murmured: "I am dying, I know it." Then he recited some prayers in Latin, and all was over. The acting Chaplain was roused too late to be present at his last moments. During his entire sickness he had constantly worn and kept in view a badge of the Sacred Heart pinned over his own heart.

Father Klein was of a cheery disposition, and his life may be summed up in St. Paul's few pithy words: "God loves a cheerful giver." And as cheerful givers usually are, he was also a generous one. In the midst of his exacting duties as Treasurer for almost a quarter of a century, he found or made time to perform many works of zeal and charity. He heard confessions, preached occasional sermons, directed the Bona Mors Sodality for years, conducted triduums and retreats for various religious communities, and was particularly successful in giving catechetical instructions to children. He had a clear, sprightly way of putting his explanations that appealed to their young minds. Even grown people would remain in church to profit by his lessons.

It might truly be said that Father Klein's life, like that of the Master he loved and served so gladly and so well, was spent "doing good."—R. I. P.

Father Edward J. Magrath

Father Magrath was born July 12, 1855, in the City of Brooklyn, which has since become a part of Greater New York. After his elementary schooling he engaged in business. But the world had no charms for him. God was calling him to higher things. So after a time he gave up business and entered the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City. It was no easy task in those days for a Brooklyn boy to go back and forth daily to school in New York. The only way of crossing the East River, which separates the two cities, was by ferry. Sometimes the boat had to make its way through floating ice. Often the river was enshrouded in fog, and then progress was slow indeed. When a Brooklyn boy arrived at college late, he had always a ready excuse "fog on the river." Not that Father Magrath ever availed himself of this excuse unduly, for he was known to all as a serious, conscientious, hard-working student, one who did not go to college because he was sent, but one whose mind was ever fixed on some lofty purpose.

Eager to follow out his vocation, he did not wait to complete his college course, but on July 30, 1877, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at West Park on the west bank of the Hudson about five miles above Poughkeepsie. This novitiate had been opened only one year previously, and was sadly in need of funds. The novices of those days had to put up with plain fare and cold rooms. They worked on the farm and even built a dock. But the place was bright and healthy, situated on a high hill, with a fine view of the river terminating in the distant Catskill Mountains.

After two years of probation, Edward Magrath pronounced the first vows of a Jesuit, and was immediately transferred to the building of the juniors to review his literary studies. At the end of a year the juniorate was removed to Frederick, Maryland, There Mr. Magrath completed his literary course, and in 1881 he went to Woodstock, where he spent three years in the study of philosophy.

His philosophical course being finished, he began his regency. His principal post during this period was that of head master of the grammar school attached to his old college of St. Francis Xavier. Here Mr. Magrath showed that system and efficiency which always characterized him. Discipline and studies were carefully looked after and the school enjoyed a high reputation throughout the city.

It was now time for Mr. Magrath to make his final preparation for the priesthood. He returned to Woodstock, and after three years of theological studies, he attained the goal for which he had longed and labored for so many years, and was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons in the summer of 1892. But the consolations of this life are given us to prepare us for future combats and a long career of zealous labor yet awaited the newly ordained. He returned to college work, and after being employed as teacher and prefect for a few years more, he went to Frederick in 1896 for his tertianship. Animated with the spirit which filled the apostles after their retreat in the Cenacle, Father Magrath began his apostolic career as a missionary in the West Indian Island of Jamaica. Here he remained six years as professor in the college, chaplain to the soldiers, co-editor of the Catholic magazine, and assistant in the Cathedral. He also made many missionary trips to various stations of the island.

Worn by his missionary labors he returned to New York in 1903, where for four years he fulfilled the office of a zealous parish priest.

Father Magrath was now ripe for higher honors, and the Father General of the Society at Rome appointed him Rector of St. Peter's College, Jersey City. He was installed January 21, 1906.

Whilst Rector, Father Magrath labored assiduously for the improvement of the college, and the good results of his administration continued till the war, when the college department was closed.

On the expiration of his term of office in 1911, Father Magrath was made Treasurer at Woodstock College for a year, then he was sent by his Superiors to Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown, where he was to spend the remainder of his life. Of his work here we need not speak. The number of sinners he converted, the number of sick and dying he attended, the number of afflicted he helped and consoled is known to God alone. There was not a Catholic family he had not visited, there was not a street or lane or alley he did not know from end to end. Non-Catholics, too, welcomed him and held him in the highest esteem.

His work for others was finished. It remained only for God to prepare his soul for its eternal reward. His long, lingering illness, which he bore so cheerfully was his purgatory.

He received the last sacraments with great devotion, and was ready for the Master's call, when it came, in the still hour of that Sunday morning, the 4th day of March. *Adsum*, "Ready" he said in his heart, for he was too weak to say it with his lips. *Adsum* he had said when he was called by the Bishop for ordination. And as he entered on his everlasting life, no doubt he heard again the words intoned at his ordination: "Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech."—R. I. P.

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER MAGRATH AT THE LAST HOLY NAME MEETING, TRINITY CHURCH.

The new hall was occupied for the first time during the last month, the occasion being the regular March meeting of the Holy Name Society. It was a fitting occasion at that, for it turned out to be a sort of a praise meeting for the Rev. Edward J. Magrath, the former head of the Society, whose funeral had taken place the day before. It was one of his most cherished hopes to see the hall finished and occupied by the Holy Name men. There was a large gathering of members.

In announcing the death of Father Magrath, President Guilfoyle spoke of the loss the parish had suffered in the sad event, and expressed a wish that the men would always remember the good man and adhere closely to the Holy Name Society which he had devoted his life and all his energy to advance. President Guilfoyle then called on Father Weber, our spiritual moderator, to speak.

Father Weber paid a beautiful tribute to the life of Father Magrath, saying that his whole life had been one of sacrifice to duty, and especially to the men of this parish, whom he loved so devotedly. He told in feeling tones of the desire of Father Magrath to make the Novena of Grace in honor of Saint Francis Xavier, how a few hours before his death he asked for a medal of the saint, showing the deep religious zeal that permeated the soul of the good man. Father Weber, in a beautiful word picture, likened Father Magrath

to that other saintly disciple of St. Ignatius, Father Roccofort, whom he attended also when he died some years ago. Both were imbued with the same spirit of self sacrifice, and it would be a good thing for all Holy Name men to fashion their lives along the same lines and cling closely to the spirit of the Holy Name Society. He praised the organization for its loyalty to the memory of Father Magrath, and hoped that all the members would follow that saintly man's advice by becoming better men and prove it by faithful attendance at Holy Communion and at the monthly meeting.

Then Mr. John Hadley Doyle rose and said in part: "After the splendid words of Father Weber in regard to the late Moderator, I deemed it proper that I should speak, for I had been more closely connected with him than any other one in the parish. For eight years we labored together in Holy Name work, he as leader and I as the assistant, and those eight years were for me the happiest, for I reveled in the company of a saint, and it was this company that made me feel indeed what a real priest of God's Church was and should be. The trips we made to the other parishes in the work of uplift among men through the Holy Name were most successful, for everywhere he was acclaimed a real leader, and when Father Matthews, of St. Cyprian's, retired as spiritual director of the Washington section, an unanimous call was made for him to assume the place. But with that retiring disposition so characteristic of him, and for the fact that he was a Jesuit priest, and as such liable to be moved away at any time, he reluctantly declined the offer. His work was masterly here in our parish, it was God's work administered by one of God's best agents, and this parish can never repay the debt it owes his memory. I shall miss his great zeal among men, for his leading was light and wisdom."

Father Smith, our esteemed Rector, then spoke for a few minutes, and also gave a well deserved eulogy of Father Magrath, and read a letter from His Grace, Archbishop Curley, telling of his grief over the death of our late moderator.—*Holy Trinity Church Bulletin.*

VARIA

ALASKA. *Missionary Attacked by Wild Dogs.* I have been in Alaska for the past twenty-four years. In that time I have never crossed the divide to the outside, as we call the States. My district is about 100 miles in length and the villages are widely scattered. The central village is at Mountain Village. It keeps me traveling in order to watch over my precious flock. I shall not easily forget the accident I had last winter. I was traveling ahead of the team of dogs, all very strong, malemute dogs, when I happened to fall into a deep snow. Four of the dogs jumped at me as if they thought I was a bear, and gave me a good shake, biting me in six different places. The guide did all he could, and it was only by beating them with heavy chains that he succeeded in driving them off. Judging from the wounds they left on my arms and shoulders, I think I had a narrow escape, indeed.

Another time, previous to this, we were running along the Bering Shore, in the first part of December. Night overtook us, and we decided to stop, not knowing our way in the darkness. Presently we heard the barking of dogs four or five miles apart. We could not hold the nine strong malemutes. At an incredible speed they rushed us to the village on the mainland. Close to it were one or two small islands on the Sigmatalik River, a very swift and dangerous stream. Unexpectedly, the dogs crossed the river and we were in the current. I tried to jump on the ice, but it broke. I could hardly keep on against the current, while I struck about with my arms trying to find a stronger piece of ice. After a fervent prayer, I finally landed safely, though half frozen. So I am still here and happy, for these poor, abandoned people respond well to our untiring efforts. St. Francis de Sales used to say that a soul is a diocese big enough for a bishop, so we are satisfied to count our converts by hundreds, if not by thousands. Each has been ransomed by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. I do not ask money for myself. A missionary is ready to want comforts and is accustomed to hardships. But if any help is given us here the work can be spread more easily, and the hunger and disease among the poor children relieved. More efficient work could be done in caring for the many widows and orphans left helpless by the last influenza epidemic. Anything will be thankfully appreciated, but one thing that I long to do is to open a little hospital for the natives. This would mean much for the Church here in the lower Yukon.—Anthony Keyes, S. J. in *The Indian Sentinal.*

St. Andrew-on-Hudson. *New Experiments.*—Two new "trials" were started for the novices; one at the Jesuit health resort at Monroe, N. Y., and the other at St. Joseph's Rest, on the novitiate grounds, some 700 yards north of the main building.

For the expectant novices, both experiments differ but little, save, perhaps, the apparent delight and charm of travel connected with the Monroe trial.

The St. Joseph's trial, mainly consists in assisting the lay-brothers in charge in caring for the needs of the old and infirm Fathers, who were formerly cared for in St. Andrew's infirmary. The Rest, with its spacious rooms and up-to-date improvements, surrounded by a beautiful area of open field and sunshine, affords many conveniences and comforts. Mass is said daily and all spiritual and temporal assistances are always at hand.

Perhaps the best idea of the Monroe trial may be had from a letter sent recently by a novice on trial to his brothers at the novitiate. He says in part: "After this trial, I ought to possess a good recommendation to any of the finest hotels in the country, as a first-class and well-tried waiter, butler, coachman, gardener, and laundry-worker."

The experiment at the Little Sisters of the Poor, in New York City is still a big help to the novices.

Bishops-elect at St. Andrew's.—During the latter part of April, St. Andrew's was honored by the presence of Bishop-elect Brennan of Scranton, Pa., and Bishop-elect Curley of Syracuse, N. Y. Since then both have been consecrated. Upon leaving the novitiate after a week's retreat, each declared his sincere thanks and gratitude.

Laundry Special Delivery.—By the acquisition of a new Chevrolet motor truck, much time and money have been saved by forwarding every Monday the week's laundry to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, at Albany, N. Y.

Spanish. Vamos a Ver.—With the advent of a young Spanish missionary, Father Victor Elizando, S.J., who is on his way to China, the novices are exceptionally fortunate. In return for the English teaching endeavors of the novices, Father Elizando offered to teach them the Spanish language, now so useful for the Fathers and scholastics destined for the Philippines.

Of the 740 acres of land at St. Andrew's, almost one-quarter of it is now under cultivation. The orchard alone comprises thirty-five acres, containing apple, pear and cherry trees. Recently six thousand strawberry plants were set out close by St. Joseph's Rest.

Auriesville. *Our Causes*—The second step in behalf of the beatification of Father Jogues and his companions is finished so far as the process of taking testimony about their

virtues and death for the Faith is concerned. This is known as the apostolic process. The record of the testimony is now with the Postulator of the Cause, Father Beccari, in Rome, who in due time will submit it to the Congregation of Rites.

The first step, known as the informative process, was began in 1904. The object of it was to obtain information sufficient to show whether further inquiry into their lives and heroic deaths would likely justify their beatification. This process was conducted entirely in Quebec, and when referred to Rome, the result was the institution of the apostolic process which was conducted partly in Quebec and partly in Albany. Those interested in expediting the cause of these servants of God will pray that the Congregation of Rites may find that all has been done in due form, and that proof abundant has been given that they should have the honor of our altars.

It will be welcome news to devotees of the Indian maiden, Kateri Tegakwitha, that the first step in the beatification is to be taken in the Diocese of Albany, as she passed twenty years of the twenty-four of her life in Auriesville and the neighborhood now part of that See. All the most authentic accounts of her life, virtues, heroic sanctity, and answers to prayer made through her intercession are to be forwarded to the Postulator in Rome, who in this case is also Father Beccari, and who will prepare the questionnaire which is to be submitted by a Commission designated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Gibbons to those who are best acquainted with her life and the traditions which have grown out of her memory. Should the result warrant it, the further step will be the apostolic process just concluded in the case of Father Jogues and his companions. Since Kateri was not put to death for the Faith, greater scrutiny will be made into the answers to prayer attributed to her intercession; in fact, clear proof of miraculous intervention on her part will be required. However, there are records of what seem to be such intervention, not only soon after her death, but of late years also, especially at Auriesville. If God wishes his servant to be honored as such, He will give evidence of her power of intercession, provided by prayer we do our part.

AUSTRALIA. *Ours Take Charge of New Theological Seminary at Melbourne, Victoria.*—On Saturday, March 3, Corpus Christi College, the new seminary for the Province of Victoria, was blessed and opened by His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Dr. Cattaneo, in the presence of a large gathering of the Australian Hierarchy and of the clergy and laity of Victoria. The new estate, Werribee Park, consisting of 1,000 acres, was acquired for £70,000, and is considered a bargain at the price. Situated about 22 miles from Melbourne, the new property is equipped with every possible modern convenience, including power plant and extensive manager's and men's quarters. Extensive and beau-

tifully laid out grounds surround the mansion, which resembles Federal Government House, and is a large two storied structure of bluestone, capped by a handsome central tower, from which a glorious view of Melbourne, the Werribee River and Yan Yangs Mountains can be had.

There are about 50 rooms, and very little outlay will be required for a long time yet to convert the building to its new purpose. A large number of students could be accommodated right away.

Three special trains conveyed the visitors to Werribee Park for the official opening. Upwards of 7,000 people were present. The Pontifical flag was flown from the tower of the college. Accompanying His Excellency were Archbishop Mannix (Melbourne), Archbishop Spence (Adelaide), Dr. Barry (Coadjutor Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania), Dr. Phelan (Bishop of Sale), Dr. Foley (Bishop of Ballarat), Dr. McCarthy (Bishop of Sandhurst), Dr. Dwyer (Bishop of Wagga Wagga), Dr. Ryan, C. M. (Bishop designate of Geraldton, W. A.), Rev. Father Power, S. J. (Visitor, New Orleans Province), and upwards of 100 priests of Victorian parishes. After the ceremony of blessing the building Archbishop Mannix made a statement regarding the new seminary. That day was the beginning of a work, important not only for the Province of Melbourne, but for the whole Australian Church. The Jesuit Fathers, at the request of the Bishops, had taken over the direction of the college. The college had cost £70,000, which would be divided between the dioceses of Melbourne, Sale, Ballarat and Sandhurst. In the first year they would have from ten to twelve students at the college where the course of studies would extend over seven years. He had commissioned the Jesuit Fathers to expend £1,000 on the library for the students. That was but an instalment, the complete library would cost many thousands of pounds. Since he had announced the setting up of the seminary he had received in cash and promises £15,000.

The Apostolic Delegate announced that Cardinal Van Rossum (Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda) had cabled in the name of the Holy Father:

"With singular delight from the fullness of his heart, his Holiness blesses the providential foundation of the seminary, the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Melbourne." Father A. Power, S. J., is the first Rector of Werribee, and is already in residence. The first classes opened on March 19. Rev. Father Lockington went home to Dublin in February in order to be present at the Provincial Congregation held there at Easter. He expects to be back in Australia in July.

Rev. Father William Power, S. J., after completing his visitation of the Irish Province, arrived in Australia with a similar end in view, early in the year. While in Syd-

ney he had to spend some time in a hospital with an injured knee from which he fully recovered.

Xavier College.—Xavier College continues to flourish year by year, and in 1922 its roll of students was the highest on record. Studley Hall, preparatory school to Xavier, has just completed the second year of its existence and is progressing in every way. The number of applications already exceeds the available accommodation, and as Father Sullivan, the Rector of Xavier, said on speech day, "we are under the unpleasant necessity either of having to increase our accommodation still further (it was increased last year by the purchase of a fine residence close by), or of refusing additional students."

At the public examinations last year, Xavier secured eighteen places in the class lists, five second class honors, thirteen third class honors, four honors unclassed; ten complete passes in the Leaving Certificate, twenty-nine complete passes in the Intermediate Certificate and two Resident Scholarships at Newman College, Melbourne University.

SYDNEY. *Riverview College.*—Father Pigot's observatory grows apace, and is earning golden opinions in the scientific world where his name is one to conjure with. The new Russian (Galitzen) seismographs, which have long been waiting for their super-sensitive galvanometers, are now on the eve of being put in action, as the latter are on their way from Europe. This installation, the first in the Southern Hemisphere, will be of enormous value to the Seismic Station.

Mr. J. E. Mann, the father of three old Riverview boys, has donated a beautiful astronomical telescope (7 in. Cooke refractor equatorial) with all accessories, from which some very good research work is expected. Although temporarily housed in a very modest shed (once a pumping house), we are hoping that some generous benefactor will rise to the occasion and see to its being respectably enclosed in a proper domed building.

A solar-radiation station has also just been commenced—(Father Pigot is the pioneer in Australia of this branch of science also). Some of the instruments (calometer, pyronometer, etc.), have already been received from America, though it will be some time before the complete installation is ready.

Successes in the Public Examinations.—At the recent (December) public examinations, Riverview secured thirteen full passes in the Leaving Certificate Examination, thirteen in the Intermediate Certificate, three University Exhibitions (entitling the holders to free tuition at the university in the course they select), one University Bursary, and (in March) four Completed Matriculations.

AUSTRIA. INNSBRUCK. *Jesuitenkolleg.*—The spring semester of 1923 opened with a community of 142 members, of

whom 45 are theologians and 46 philosophers, from the provinces of Austria, California, North and South Germany, Hungary, Venice, Rome (Brazilian Mission), and the vice-provinces of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia. Many saw service in the recent war. One, an ex-aviation lieutenant, flew to the novitiate and abandoned his machine just outside the novitiate grounds. Another, a Bavarian ex-lieutenánt, upon being closely questioned, admitted capturing a band of 50 Americans in the Argonne.

Canisianum.—Besides the Jesuit community of 17, 259 seminarians live at the Canisianum and attend the lectures of Ours at the Philosophical Institute and the State University. Of these 84 belong to the regular clergy and are members of six different orders or congregations. 175 are studying for the secular clergy and come from 58 dioceses. 14 are Americans from the dioceses of Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Detroit and St. Louis. 30 are priests.

Exercitientag. From August 17–20, 1922, a series of conferences was given by Ours at the Canisianum for the purpose of instructing priests in giving The Exercises according to the mind of St. Ignatius, Invitations were accepted by 187 priests of whom 57 were religious of 15 different orders and congregations. The remainder were secular priests not only from Austria and Germany, but also from Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Italy and Switzerland. Considerable impetus had been given to the gathering by the recent Apostolic Constitution of the Holy Father who solemnly declared St. Ignatius to be the Heavenly Patron of all Spiritual Exercises. Morning and evening conferences followed by questions and discussion were given on the following subjects: The Internal Structure, The Psychology, The Technique of The Exercises, The Relation of The Exercises to Ascetic and Mystic Theology, The Evolution and Present State of the Retreat Movement, The Spiritual Counsels of the Book of the Exercises, The Exercises for Children and Students, for Men, for Women, The Exercises for Holding Young Men, Retreat Propaganda. Dr. Sigismund Waitz, Apostolic Administrator of Tyrol, opened and closed the Exercitientag. So much interest and enthusiasm was aroused that another Exercitientag is to be held next year. The entire proceedings have been published and may be obtained from the Secretary, Rev. George Harrasser, S. J., at the Canisianum. Under Father Harrasser's direction, a number of the theologians are now at work on a set of German brochures on The Exercises. They are to be partly original and partly a translation of the *Collection de la Bibliothèque des Exercises*. Four or five brochures are to be published each year.

Mission Work.—The week preceding the Feast of St. Francis Xavier saw another large gathering of the regular and secular clergy at Innsbruck. Many priests who had

seen years of service in the foreign missions were in attendance. It was a fitting celebration of the centenary of The Association for the Propagation of the Faith, the third centenary of The Congregation of Propaganda and likewise the third centenary of the canonization of St. Francis Xavier. On Sunday, Nov. 26, 1922, the Missionswoche was solemnly introduced by appropriate sermons in all the churches of Innsbruck and neighboring towns. On the same day an exhibition of the work of the various mission schools was thrown open to the public in the *Landhaus*. In another large hall, tableaux, similar to Oberammergau's famous living pictures of the Old Testament, were given to illustrate life as it is in the mission fields abroad. Experienced missionaries gave lectures on every phase of mission work and rendered them doubly interesting by appropriate lantern slides and films. All this was primarily for the people. At the same time, conferences were held for clerical students and priests at the Canisianum. Among the subjects treated were: The Missions a Divine Institution, History of the Missions, The Students' Mission Crusade Among Catholics and Protestants, Efficiency in Mission Methods, Mission Work at Home and the Pagan World at Present. The Missionswoche ended with a solemn triduum in honor of St. Francis Xavier. The closing ceremonies took place in the *Stadtsaal*, Innsbruck's largest auditorium. In a wide semicircle in front of the speaker's platform stood dozens of flags and banners belonging to student corporations and sodalities even from distant Tyrolese towns. After an elaborate musical and literary program, Bishop Waitz blessed and dismissed the large throng. That the Missionswoche made a deep impression upon all hearts is evident from the fact that the collection taken up for the missions during the various exercises amounted to over 13,000,000. kronen.

Scientific Lectures.—The annual lectures of the professors of the theological faculty of the university were resumed during Advent, 1922, and Lent, 1923, in a down-town hall for the first time since the war. The purpose of the lectures is to familiarize the educated public with the bearing of theology on questions of the hour, and, if possible, to lay the foundation of a popular school of theology. Four lectures were delivered on The Principles of Sexual Morality, four more on Dark Pages in the History of the Popes, and three on each of the following subjects: The Bible and the Catholic Church, Prophecies on the End of the World and Matrimony and Divorce. Despite the high price of admission, the hall was crowded to capacity, and besprinkled with Protestants, Jews and free-thinkers.

Vienna.—Rev. Frederick Kronseder, S. J., conducted a series of conferences on biblical subjects in the Amhof church which made a profound impression amongst educated circles in the Austrian capital. The large church was often

crowded to overflowing while the autos of those who attended were parked in several rows along the adjacent streets. Father Kronseder also conducts a course in Catholic philosophy in a large local high school. There has been a notable revival of Catholic spirit since the inauguration of the new republic. By means of the congregations and other organizations, Ours are pursuing an aggressive policy of counteracting the destructive influence of the Socialists. The people are contributing much more to the support of the Church than in the days of the monarchy. For instance, the Fathers of the *Canisiuskirche* no longer need interrupt the faithful during Mass for the usual collections. Sodalists stand at the doors before the services and gather the voluntary contributions. Under this new plan collections during the past year show an increase of from 300 to 400 per cent.

Economic Situation.—Under the able administration of Mgr. Seipel, Austria's priest Chancellor, the country is regaining slowly something of its former peace and prosperity. The Geneva Pact is the outstanding event of the year. The Chancellor's indefatigable efforts in negotiating, signing and inducing the Vienna Parliament to ratify this agreement have made him Austria's man of the hour. Owing to the negotiation of the Geneva Pact, the crown has been stabilized at about 70,000 to the dollar, a National Bank has been established, a loan of $6,000,000 absorbed by the Austrian Banks and the Austrian people, the state railway put on a paying basis, and the cumbersome bureaucracy, so long an almost unsupportable burden to the citizens, is slowly being dissolved by the discharge of thousands of state employees. If the Entente Powers advance the funds called for by the Geneva Pact, Austria expects to be able to balance her budget inside of two years and eventually to weather the economic catastrophe of 1918–22. Actual want, however, is not yet a thing of the past. Americans contributing to the support of little children and especially of cloistered nuns would do well to continue their noble work until the spring of 1924.

BALTIMORE. *The Men's Retreat.*—The men's retreat this year will go down in history as the greatest in point of numbers we have had in recent years. Sunday night, March 18, the opening night of the retreat, every seat was occupied and some men were standing.

The crowd held out well. Father McCarthy preached the retreat and on Sunday morning, at 7 o'clock the retreat ended with all the men receiving Holy Communion.

Each year our retreats have been increasing in numbers attending. The Third Sunday Brigade has kept pace with the increase.

Echoes of the Novena of Grace.— The great Novena of Grace for 1923 has passed into history and in devotion and numbers has certainly passed all previous Novenas. Thir-

teen services were held daily, some days fourteen were held, every one was crowded and some were over-crowded. A conservative estimate would place the number of persons attending at 12,000.

This year's Novena certainly deserves the name of "Novena of Grace" for it is doubtful if any mission, retreat or novena ever brought back to God and Holy Mother Church a greater number of souls, hundreds of whom were away for long years.

One of the inspiring features of the Novena was the wonderful singing of those great congregations and the remarkable unison they preserved in the recitation of the prayers, all beginning and ending exactly together. Another feature was the number of non-Catholics who attended. We estimate the number at about 100, some of whom sent flowers for St. Francis' shrine, and some sent in favors received. May our Saint obtain for these, our separated brethren, the greatest of all favors—the gift of Faith.

Of course the presence in our midst of our wonderful relic of the Saint was a great attraction to the people and thousands offered their medals, statues, beads and crucifixes to be touched to the relic,

Rev. Fr. Rector was most anxious to have the gold and jeweled reliquary ready for March 4th but he found that it could not possibly be completed in such a short time. He therefore had the reliquary made in plaster and for some days the relic was placed in it and rested on the main altar. Many remarkable favors were granted during the Novena.

The Loyola Lenten Course.—The series of five lectures of The Loyola Lenten Course has been eminently successful in every way. The attendance was all that could be desired and our large hall was filled at every lecture. The subjects chosen were attractive and live issues of the day, and the lecturers were all men of note and authorities on the subjects on which they spoke.

In these days when everyone seems to be getting away from serious thinking and turning to frivolous reading, plays, etc., it is surely refreshing to find among our Catholic people of Baltimore so many who can appreciate an intellectual treat such as was afforded in The Loyola Lenten Course just concluded.

It is our belief that The Loyola Lenten Course has come to stay with us, and that it is destined to become one of the events of the year, to which our people will look forward with a great deal of pleasure.

We cannot conclude these remarks without giving credit for the great success of this, our first course of lenten lectures to the one person to whom the credit is in greatest part due, namely, His Grace Archbishop Curley.

It was his active interest in the course and the urgent letter he penned that put into the hand of Father Dustin the means of working up the lectures. Now that it is over we

know that the success of the course must be a satisfaction to His Grace, as it is to all who labored for it.

BRITISH HONDURAS. *Death of Bishop Hopkins.* — The whole colony is in deep sorrow over the death of Bishop Hopkins, who lost his life when the motor boat, E. M. L., foundered near Corozal, British Honduras. His Lordship left Belize on April 9 for his annual visit to the Northern Missions.

He was accompanied by three Pallotine sisters, the Mother General, the Mother Provincial, and Sister Veronica from Cayo. When seven miles off the coast of Corozal, the E. M. L., overloaded with seventy-one passengers and cargo, having filled with water from a leak, sank within ten minutes, with the loss of eighteen persons, among them His Lordship and two sisters.

One of these sisters, moved by the cries of a young man for his wife and children heroically offered him her own life belt. He accepted it and was saved: the sister drowned.

With the exception of the bishop the passengers drowned were all women and children. His Lordship was last seen giving absolution to the sisters.

Divers could not locate the body of the Bishop, though the bodies of the two sisters were soon recovered. It was not until Thursday, two days later, that the body of the Bishop was found near Payo Obispo, Mexico, and was buried that same evening at Corozal.

On April 20 it was removed to Belize and buried, according to his wish, in the Cathedral next to his predecessor, Bishop di Pietro.

Everyone joined in paying respect to the memory of their beloved Bishop. When the bells of the cathedral tolled to announce his death, the bells of the Anglican churches were also tolled. The children were dismissed from school and the stores were closed.

At the solemn Requiem Mass on Friday morning the Governor and Government officials, the Anglican Bishop Dunne, and practically all the Protestant ministers were present. But it was the simple people of the town, Bishop Hopkin's own flock, who above all showed how keenly they felt his loss. They filled the cathedral during the Office of the Dead and again during the solemn Requiem Mass.

And how well he deserved their love and devotedness! His untiring labors for their welfare and his utter unselfishness in consulting their convenience, whether for confession or consultation or sick-calls, could not but win the affection and admiration of every one.

To those who lived with him he set a remarkable example of religious punctuality and regularity. May God grant him the eternal rest which his long and arduous life has merited!

CALIFORNIA. SAN JOSÉ. *Golden Jubilee of Father J. D. Walshe.*—The first attraction of our Jubilarian was not for

the Society of Jesus, but for the secular priesthood. That for the priesthood was not surprising ; the piety of an eminent Catholic household, in the beautiful little town of Leighlinbridge, County Carlow; the early training of the Brigittine nuns, his later education at the National School of Paulston, County Kilkenny, and the ardent desires often expressed by his devoted mother, all tended to turn the thoughts of the boy to the deeper things of life.

The possibilities of the Australian Mission attracted him; thus he entered Gayfield College, Dublin, under the presidency of the zealous Dr. Donahue, himself an Australian missioner.

The new influence of a Jesuit confessor drew him to religious life. He made application to the Dominicans. One of those peculiar circumstances that turn the scales of a human destiny was the absence, at this juncture, of the Dominican Provincial ; hence no definite decision could be given him. Disappointed he turned away, and sauntered about the streets for some hours, pondering and praying. Was it boyish impatience or a heavenly light that prompted him to knock at the door of the Jesuit novitiate? Be that as it may, the outcome of his visit was his reception, after a retreat at the novitiate, by the Provincial, Very Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S. J., in the Christmas holidays of 1872.

But he had reckoned without Dr. Donahue, who appeared at the novitiate in high dudgeon. Annoyed at the apparent impulsiveness of his seminarian, he demanded his return to duty, and the prudent superiors advised the novice to yield till the president be appeased. But the boy was inflexible, and at eastertide the offended president summoned him to his office, and gave him his blessing, saying with tears in his eyes, "You will be a good Jesuit."

With a joyful heart Father Walshe returned to the novitiate at Milltown. On Easter Sunday, April 13, 1873, he was again received as a Jesuit novice.

Among his novitiate companions were Messrs. Shallo, Moore, McKey, names well known to Ours of San José, for these four zealous young Jesuits volunteered at the outset of their religious career for the California mission. The story of their labors is a bright page in the history of the Church in California. Of all, Father Walshe alone survives to wear the crown of Jubilee.

Before leaving for his distant mission, Father Walshe spent two years in the Juniorate at Roehampton, London, under Rev. George Porter, S. J. as Rector, who was later Archbishop of India. In June 1876, Father Walshe took up his work in California, after a month's journey in company with his three fellow scholastics. His first field was Santa Clara College, and here continued, with an interval at St. Ignatius, San Francisco, until he was summoned to Woodstock, for his studies in Divinity, having previously studied philosophy in Santa Clara College. In this historic institution, Father

Walshe was ordained priest in company with 27 others, by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. Of this band, ten remain to celebrate this golden anniversary.

August, 1887, finds Father Walshe again at Santa Clara as Chaplain to the students, Director of the Sodality, and professor of mathematics.

Florissant, Mo., was the scene of his Tertianship in 1889. Retreats and missions at various points in the Middle West and South filled the intervals of study and spiritual reflection, until the summer of 1890 finds our beloved Jubilarian one of the Assistant Pastors of St. Joseph's Church, San José, where the Rev. Bartholomew Calzia, was Rector, he whose gentle memory yet breathes its fragrance in the Garden City and St. Clara's Vale.

It was in this period that friendships were formed and influences begun that have formed traditions which link the name of Father Walshe in intimate connexion with all that is vital in the upgrowth of the city. The work of the Gentlemen's Sodality was intrusted to Father Walshe, for, with all his gentleness, geniality, and sympathy that reached to every human soul, Father Walshe was eminently "a man's man." There is hardly a representative Catholic head of a household in the Valley who has not, in some way, come under his sunny but potent influence. He had "a way with him" that gained all.

Such a round-up of Sodalists, old and new! He visited them in their places of trade or business, *interviewed* them in offices, in store-house basements, in factories, even on the roof-tops and scaffoldings; he seems to be able to *get in* anywhere. Many a young man of those days will tell an amusing tale of capture or of narrow escape from this weariless hunter of souls.

On Easter Sunday, 1906, Father Walshe, who the previous year had succeeded Rev. Richard Gleeson, S. J., as pastor at St. Joseph's, announced to the congregation that, after years of struggle and up-building, the church was out of debt. Three days later came the earthquake. On the willing and generous shoulders of Father Walshe lay the burden of reconstruction with all the inevitable pressure of economic and social problems incident to public disaster. With magnificent courage he set out with his people, not only to repair the shattered church but to erect a school adequate to the increasing claims of a growing population. For over fifty years, as their private enterprise and at their own expense, the Sisters of Notre Dame College had maintained a school free from tuition charges for the grade-children of the city. It was Father Walshe who, conscious of the growing impossibility of perpetuating this system, took the initiative and started, in the climax of disaster, the construction of the present commodious edifice on Locust street and Park avenue, which will stand long as a monument to his foresight and zeal. The response of the burdened people

was generous for, with obstacles on every hand, it needed courage to deviate from the beaten track of over fifty years in the very face of a cataclysm.

During those terrible days the campus of Notre Dame College was the parish church of St. Joseph's, and Mass was celebrated in the little shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows, humorously called by Father Walshe "The Cathedral." Human respect had little force in those days, and long lines of penitents might be seen on Sunday morning, kneeling under the shade of the elm grove, waiting their turn at the confessional which stood in the open, unscreened from public view. There the tireless Pastor dispensed his counsel and his confidence, kindling stricken spirits to courage and hope.

Our devoted Pastor had nerved himself to the work of reconstruction; when it was well on the way to completion, the inevitable collapse came.

Thus in 1907, Father Walshe went for a time into garrison duty, acting as Chaplain in St. Joseph's Hospital in Bellingham, Washington, with an interval at Santa Clara and at Beaverton, Oregon. Loyola College, Los Angeles; St. Mary's Church, San José, saw his activity before St. Joseph's once more opened wide its doors in welcome to its zealous and devoted laborer, in June, 1918.

Officially Rev. Father Walshe is Chaplain of the O'Connor Sanitarium. But his official appointment, carefully as its functions are fulfilled, is, we think, the smallest part of his labors. He is ever at the call of distress and for every human ill he has a balm, be it counsel, prayer, material succor, or warm-hearted sympathy. May the years that will lie between his Golden Day, and the Day on which he reaches the goal of his hopes and aspirations, the Unveiled Vision Beatific, be filled with fruition of his noble span of fifty years. —*St. Joseph's Church Bulletin.*

CANADA. *The Jesuit Martyrdoms at St. Ignace.*—It is announced at Quebec that the tercentenary of the landing of the Jesuits will be celebrated in 1925. The occasion will recall one of the most harrowing and at the same time one of the most glorious chapters of Canadian history, a chapter which was written in letters of blood and fire—part of it in a region not remote from Toronto, the countryside between Lake Simcoe and Penetanguishene. The Jesuit martyrdoms in that district are an imperishable monument to the little band of missionaries which included Lalemant and Brebeuf.

Tied to the stake by the Iroquois, his lower lip cut away and a red hot iron in his throat, Brebeuf refused to flinch before his tormentors. They showed him Lalemant—Lalemant, his fellow worker, with his body encased in pitch-covered bark which the Iroquois had set on fire. But Brebeuf and Lalemant were alike animated by a religious for-

titude which amazed all beholders. They adorned Brebeuf's neck with a collar of hatchets heated red hot. They cut strips of flesh from his body and ate it before his eyes, which they then put out with red hot coals. They poured boiling water over both their victims. In the end they tore Brebeuf's heart from his body and devoured it, hoping thus to acquire the magnificent courage he had displayed. It is a record of heroism which must ennoble and inspire all those who read it.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA. The Czecho-Slovakian Vice-Province began the year 1923 with 179 members, 78 Fathers, 45 Scholastics and 56 Brothers. Besides the novitiate at Tyrnau there are three colleges and seven residences.

Velehrad.—This was the ancient capital of the Kingdom of Moravia and the headquarters of Saints Cyril and Methodius during their years of apostolic labor among the Slavs. It would be difficult, therefore, to find a more fitting site for our Czech Apostolic School which now has an enrollment of 70 pupils. Here also a large modern House of Retreats is under construction which will be able to acommodate 200 retreatants. It is to be called Stojanov, after Dr. Stojan, Archbishop of Olmütz, who with extraordinary generosity has presented it to the Society.

Teschen.—In 1922, the vice-province took over the church and residence here from the Polish Fathers. Teschen is the capital of Silesia with eight Catholic churches and 20,000 inhabitants.

Ruzomberok.—(Rosenberg.) In this wholly Slovakian town of 10,000 inhabitants another church and residence have recently been opened by Ours.

Prague.—The zeal and liberality of Dr. Kordac, Archbishop of Prague, has made possible the enlargement of our Czech-speaking college so that we now have accommodations for 300 boarders and a large number of day pupils.

Mariascheim.—Our German-speaking college is situated in a town of some 4000 inhabitants, not far from Teplitz, a well known health resort. Mariascheim belongs to the diocese of Leitmeritz which comprises about 1,000,000 of the 3,000,000 German Catholics of Czecho-Slovakia. Owing to the impoverishing effects of the war, the enrollment fell off from 300 in 1914 to 211 in 1922. Yet the present enrollment shows an increase of 25 over 1921. The gymnasium is recognized by the State and is entitled to give diplomas. Mariascheim supplies almost all the priests of the dioceses and a few candidates each year for the religious orders. Among the prominent alumni are Dr. Ambrose Opitz, founder of the *Vienna Reichpost* and the Catholic press movement in Austria, Rev. Victor Kolb, S. J., another eminent press organizer, Rev. Joseph Donat, S. J., author of "The Freedom of Science" and other works, and Dr. Kordac, the

present Archbishop of Prague. Of the nine christian-social deputies and four senators who represent the Catholic interests of Czecho-Slovakia in the Prague parliament, three are Mariascheim alumni, amongst whom is the leader of the Christian-Social party. Mariascheim is also the headquarters of the secretariat of the Catholic Press Association of Czecho-Slovakia.

Hostyn.—For many years Hostyn has been a place of pilgrimage and grace to thousands of Catholics. Dr. Stojan, Archbishop of Olmütz, the founder of our House of Retreats at Velehrad, is also building near our residence at Hostyn a large and comfortable hospice for the pilgrims. As the town is situated on a hill 2,400 feet high and is a walk of an hour and a quarter from the railway station, the cost of hauling building material is almost prohibitive. The pious pilgrims, therefore, carry stones for the new hospice up the steep hill, one ordinarily, and when the pilgrim is strong, sometimes two. The first stone was carried by the Archbishop himself despite the burden of his seventy-two winters. During 1922, 27,000 stones were thus hauled to Hostyn by devout pilgrims from all parts of Czecho-Slovakia.

Activities.—Under the direction of Ours are 240 sodalities and congregations which comprise some 17,000 members. The sodality magazine, *Ve Sluzbách Kralovnyck* (The Queen's Service), has 5000 subscribers. Another monthly, *Hlasy Svatohostynske* (Stimmen vom Heiligen Hoysten,) is published at Hostyn. The Slovakian *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* has 20,000 subscribers.

Census.—The results of the census taken by the government in 1921 were not published until February, 1923. In round numbers out of a total 13,600,000, 10,400,000 are Catholics, 1,000,000 are Protestants, 725,000 of no religious affiliations, 500,000 Greek and Armenian Catholics, 500,000 Czecho-Slovakian National Catholics and 350,000 Jews. The 500,000 National Catholics are accredited with 3.86 per cent. of the total population. But these figures are now known to have been grossly exaggerated. Besides, a large number of those who were led astray by the new married priests have returned to the fold. Dissensions and strife are now rampant in the sectarian camp and daily they are losing adherents. Although with the connivance of the government they seized 40 Catholic churches including their "cathedral," the beautiful Nikolauskirche on the Altstadterring of Prague, there has been no further attempt to expropriate Church property. On the contrary, a movement is abroad to oust the sectarians. The courts have decided that the churches belong to the Catholics and must be restored to them. But the anti-Catholic Government of Messrs. Masaryk, Benes & Company does not enforce the decisions of the judiciary. Not only among the 725,000

who profess no particular religion but also among the Catholic population there is much room for deepening and widening the influence of the Church. For although eight out of every ten people in Czecho-Slovakia are Catholics, it must be confessed that only two of these eight are of the practical and intelligent type. The two adjectives must be taken together because there are too many Catholics, who, while fulfilling their religious duties, permit themselves to be seduced by the alluring promises of the Socialists and Agrarians. But there are signs of a big awakening. All in all, Czecho-Slovakia reveals a wide, furtile field for the apostolic labors of the young vice-province.

JUGOSLAVIA. The new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, or Jugoslavia, (jug-south), the country of the Southern Slavs, comprises Serbia, Macedonia, Montenegro and the territory, occupying more than half of the area of the new state, which formerly belonged to the Austrian Empire. The vice-province of Jugoslavia was established in 1919 and is limited only by the confines of the new kingdom. Of a total population of 11,000,00, approximately 5,500,000 are Serbs, members of the schismatic Orthodox Eastern Church, 1,000,000 Mohammedans, 3,500,000 Catholic Croats, 1,000,000 Catholic Slovenes, and 60,000 Uniates who follow the Eastern Liturgy yet are also in communion with Rome.

Ljubljana.—(Leibach.) The residence has been renovated and enlarged and now serves as the Jugoslav novitiate. Adjoining the novitiate is a beautiful new church dedicated to St. Joseph and built entirely with the alms of the local population. It was opened about a year ago. A short distance from the novitiate, a large House of Retreats is being built, the first in Jugoslavia. The land was donated to the Society for this specific purpose by Dr. Jeglic, Bishop of Ljubljana.

Zagreb.—(Agram.) Zagreb is a city of 80,000 inhabitants, the capital of Croatia, the headquarters of the vice-province and the center of Catholic activity in Jugoslavia. Our second college is also located here for Croatian-speaking students. Ours are also in charge of the adjacent large and beautiful church which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. A provisional Junioriate and Philosophate is also established at Zagreb. The new college press puts forth the vice-province publications; A *Calendar of the Sacred Heart*, a popular scientific monthly *Ziost* (Life) with 4,000, and *The Messenger* with 50,000 subscribers.

Sarajevo.—Ours are in charge of the diocesan *Priesterseminar* which supplies the Bosnian and Herzegovinian clergy. Sarajevo is the capital of Bosnia-Herzegovina with a population of some 55,000.

Travnik, Bosnia.—This is the location of our third college, a Knabenseminar which is recognized by the State and sup-

plies the Priesterseminar of Sarajevo and other Croatian dioceses. The enrollment is over 300. Not far from the college, Ours have recently opened another Knabenseminar in which candidates are trained exclusively for the Society.

Activities—Excellent work is done by our Missionaries who go from parish to parish giving missions and retreats to the people. The sodalities are flourishing in spite of government opposition. In short, the work of the Society is one of the main bulwarks of Catholic life in Jugoslavia.

Kulturkamf.—The new constitution guarantees equality before the law to the Catholic Church and the Orthodox Church, liberty of conscience, and freedom of public and private worship. A concordat has been established between Rome and Jugoslavia according to which the State has a representative at the Vatican and a Papal Nuncio is appointed for Belgrade. Yet from the beginning the new state has shown hostility to Rome and discrimination against Roman Catholics. The Serbs are systematically persecuting the Croatian and Slovene Catholic minorities. Dominated by the Orthodox Serbian majority, the new government is striving by a crude policy of centralization to make the Serbs paramount and to isolate and sow discord among the Catholic Croats and Slovenes. The Catholics, naturally, are opposed to centralization and stand for a federal government with full religions liberty and complete local autonomy. In the Kulturkamf now being waged by the Serb Nationalists, the Government claims a monopoly in education and by means of the so called Agrarian Reform, church property is being confiscated and alienated. Priests not only have their salaries stinted but are also hindered in the important work of teaching catechism in the schools. The sodalities of Our Lady which are conducted almost exclusively by Ours, in Jugoslavia as well as elsewhere, are congregations of a purely devotional character. Yet the government is striving to suppress them on the pretext of alleged political activtiy while other organizations founded on a non-religious basis, are openly encouraged by the State. In spite of all this, the Catholic faith has quickened rather than languished and is daily bringing forth fresh and consoling fruits. That this is no exaggeration can be readily seen by a glance at the vice-province catalog which shows 136 members in January, 1923, an increase of 16 over 1922. This increase in vocations is relatively larger than that of any other province in the Society and was the occasion of a letter of warm congratulation from V. Rev. Father General.

ENGLAND. *Heythrop Hall, Oxfordshire.*—For some years past Father General has been urging upon the Superiors of the Province the desirability of inaugurating a *Collegium Maximum*, which should be so placed as to be in immediate touch with one or other of the National Universities. Ac-

cordingly, diligent search was made for a house which might form the nucleus for such an establishment, and for several years it was made without avail. Then Mr. Tipping, that most obliging and painstaking land agent in Oxford, ascertained that Mr. Brassey's property at Chipping Norton was on the market. A day spent in the house and grounds convinced the responsible authorities that the right place had at last been found, and Father General was at once communicated with. His consent obtained, arrangements were made for the purchase of about half of the estate, including the mansion and surrounding park, some 430 acres in all. This is the southwestern portion of the property lying to the north of the Oxford-Stratford Road, and 16 miles from the former city.

We can say but a word upon the important question of the adaptation of Heythrop House to its future use. The plans are only in the inchoate stage of suggestion and criticism. This much, however, has been impressed upon all who viewed the house. The building is most readily adaptable, and with judicious handling, will produce a set of professors', students' and lay brothers' rooms, with the full quota of well-lit and commodious lecture rooms, refectory and common rooms, worthy of the English Province. And may we not also affirm that it will be no unseemly reminder of the generosity of that noble Catholic Earl who dared so greatly to provide our Fathers with a home in London and beyond the seas. For the rest, *Relinque curiosa!* Without further apology we will borrow the peroration of the *Oxford Guide:*

"In a word, the noble seat, whether we consider the advantage of the situation, the elegance of the structure, or the various specimens of exquisite art, with which the apartments of it are embellished, will amply repay the curious spectator for the trouble he may have, in diverting his course out of the straight road in order to obtain a view of it."—*Letters and Notices.*

Romily and Rainhill.—It has long been felt that Oakwood Hall is inconveniently placed as a retreat house, and is as inconveniently limited in its accommodation. Loyola Hall, Rainhill, has been acquired to take its place, and after Easter the household at Romily will be transported thither. It was built by the Stapleton-Bretherton family, as was also the Church of St. Bartholomew, which stands opposite the main gate of the park. Rainhill Railway Station is on the main line from The Exchange, Manchester, to Lime Street, Liverpool, with a run of one hour and a half respectively from each, and within easy reach of Prescot and Portico.

Since last October we have instituted, at Oakwood Hall,

a monthly Recollection Day for Priests on the Second Thursday of each month. We intend to continue this practice, beginning May, 1923. Hitherto these meetings have been attended chiefly from Manchester and still nearer places; some of these may come, even though our new meeting place is over 20 miles away, but we hope the clergy nearer our new home will be ready to take advantage of our offer.

Glasgow's Martyr, Venerable John Ogilvie, S. J.—The High Street Cross in Glasgow City, where, in March, 1615, the Venerable John Ogilvie, S. J., suffered death for the Catholic religion, was crowded a few days ago, when the Catholics of Glasgow flocked in their thousands to pay tribute to the martyr on the anniversary of his confession.

The cross stands at one of the most congested crossings in the city, and though nothing like an organized religious service was possible, there was a continuous march past of the Catholics, who in a silent stream offered up their prayers at the spot where the Jesuit priest was hanged more than three hundred years ago.

After passing the site of the execution, the pilgrims made their way to Glasgow Cathedral, now a Presbyterian place of worship. After four o'clock had been struck on the Tolbooth bells a move was made to what is known as the "malefactors' ground," which is close to the north door of the Cathedral. It was here that the martyr was buried after his execution; and many of the pilgrims knelt on the spot to offer up their prayers. Glasgow is generally supposed to be a Protestant city, but there was no apparent interference with the Catholics in their devotions, which seemed to puzzle the stiff and unbending Presbyterians.

GEORGETOWN. *Holy Trinity Church, Novena of Grace.*—One of the most remarkable features of the Novena of Grace was the immense number of those who received Holy Communion every day; so much so that one would almost imagine that if such practical piety could be kept up, our church would become known as the Church of the Daily Communion.

Misgivings as to attendance, if there were any, were quickly laid at rest on the very first day of the novena and all through to the end; for Holy Trinity Church was crowded at all the services, especially at the 7.30 evening service. Incredible to say, the weather, which was quite stormy and blusterous on several days, did not seem to prove a barrier to the constancy and piety of the ever-growing throngs. They were there because of their love of St. Francis Xavier, because of their confidence in their cherished patron and their gratitude for past favors, and because they had every reason to feel assured that this "most lovable and loving saint," who has attracted so many thousands to his shrine all over the world, would hear their petitions.

It is, we are glad to observe, one of the characteristics of the faith of our people that, once enkindled in any distinctively Catholic enterprise of devotion, it does not easily sink into mere smouldering embers. The witness to that warm faith in this instance can best be found in the Holy Communions received during the novena, which in Holy Trinity amounted to 5,000.

GERMANY. *The Missionary Outlook.*—The following extracts from letters of Jesuit friends, missionaries in Germany, indicate a genuine zeal for conversions, and narrate the active measures to reach the more earnest non-Catholics in that great and much-distressed country, whether infidels, Jews or Lutherans.

"We are convinced that the way is now practically open for reaching our separated brethren. During two years of my missionary work in Cracow, I baptized twenty-one Jews, who became staunch Catholics; one of them bids fair to become the leader of the Catholics in that city. Having spent some time in the United States I learned to admire the spirit and the methods of your missionaries to non-Catholics. You will be interested to learn that our Society has Fathers stationed in the greater cities with the special object of making converts; this is done largely by private or semi-private interviews with outsiders. Our superiors are studying the conditions, especially as regards inviting non-Catholics to follow the spiritual exercises of our retreats for the laity. We have various retreat houses in this country.

"Not long ago a clerically dressed gentleman called on one of our Fathers in Hamburg, who took him for a Catholic priest. But he turned out to be a Protestant minister who wished to make an eight-day retreat. He made it and is now preparing to enter the Church. I gave a pay lecture in Dresden and spoke heartily in favor of total abstinence. Of course I used some management of so delicate a topic, but good was done. Of course, also, I could introduce missionary matter, and I used for that end the American question box. When all was over, to my great astonishment, a lady arose in the hall and *viva voce* exclaimed: 'I am a Protestant, but I hope that I am not the first—nor shall be the last—to say that after this lecture I am persuaded that a Jesuit is not the black bigot that we are taught to consider him in our Protestant schools!' I answered, 'I thank you for this word, and it will be my sweetest recollection of my stay in Dresden'—which city, by the way, is a hotbed of socialism.

"There is still a high wall of prejudice and distrust. Who shall lead the way to get over it? God will show us how: '*In Deo meo transgrediar murum*' (Ps. XVII, 30). Through my God I shall go over a wall.' Once there was a little boy so scared of a dog that he jumped on a table. But meantime the dog crept under the table, his tail between his legs. So there is a mutual scare between German Catholics and

non-Catholics. This is the situation in many places in Germany. And in the meantime the Church in Germany is striving to make converts; and as we German Catholics pray fervently for you American Catholics striving in the same divine cause in America, there shall be a holy emulation. A book for distribution, on the plan of Conway's Question Box, has been projected and even started, whilst book-racks are being set up in the vestibules of churches."

From another and later letter: "Our Father Provincial has appointed our Fathers to lecture to mixed audiences in Breslau and elsewhere. These are thus mixed together because the number of Protestants who answer the invitation is often still small. As to myself, I am working now in upper Silesia, which not very long ago was called the hell-hole of Europe. To all my missions I invite Protestants, infidels and Jews. I conduct a Question Box, a feature which is very attractive. Questions of general interest are answered from the pulpit; others by mail; sometimes people come to see me. Yesterday I had more than five hours of such interviews. During this same mission a young Protestant merchant had attended several of the lectures, coming quite a distance to do so: he now has offered to go under instruction for reception. I gave him a few instructions, and then turned him over to the pastor of his own town. But he assured me that when his preparation is over he will manage to find me, so that I may baptize him.

"You are right in saying that in your country 'the field is white for the harvest.' This is hardly the case in this country, though in some places our harvest is very inviting. In Cologne, for example, since the end of the war fourteen Protestant ministers have become converts. Being married they got places as clerks or teachers.

"There is now full religious liberty in Germany. If Germany had won the war some think there would have been another Kulturkampf. Right ideas about democracy are coming in. Lately I got a small American coin, a dime, a small coin indeed, but with a great lesson; its motto was these words: "*Liberty. In God We Trust.*" Some people in every country take for their motto, "Liberty," but not "In God We Trust." But the American dime has the right motto; for God is the author as well of liberty as of authority. Too much authority is tyranny; too much liberty is license.

"There is a notable and promising movement here towards temperance and even total abstinence. And among Catholics the lay apostolate is fostered, both for increasing fervor among our own people and for gaining converts.—*The Missionary.*

HOLLAND. *Jesuit in a Freemason Lodge.*—From Rotterdam comes the news that a lodge in that city applied to the Jesuit Provincial for a speaker to explain the Catholic doctrine at a meeting of masons. Father P. Hoenen, S. J.,

Rector of the College at Oudenbosch, was selected for the task. He was very courteously received at the lodge. Some forty members were present and the Master introduced the speaker, giving him one hour and a half to go through his conference. Father Hoenen began by explaining the reasonableness of the Act of Faith, the intellectual preliminaries to that act and the influence of personal conscience on the supernatural assent. Hence he inferred the value of human life in the eyes of God who insists on teaching us, and the solidity of religious experience.

Passing then to the practice of Catholic life, Father Hoenen gave a short account of St. Ignatius' Spiritual Exercises which established again the value of human life as Christ wished to share it. This value was enhanced by the greater value of sanctifying grace which raised man to a share in divine nature. These values are expressed by the exterior practice of religion in liturgy and ceremonial.

After the conference the Master invited the "Brothers" to put questions, and as no one availed himself of the invitation, he thanked Father Hoenen in a neat little speech and then called upon two members to see the speaker to the car: "Brother Office-Bearers, show the Reverend Father down," he said. They accompanied him then to a car provided by the lodge.

Such experiences are becoming quite common in Holland, chiefly among Protestants, for whom the Jesuits have organized special conferences on religious subjects, and they are very well attended.—*Catholic Herald of India.*

HUNGARY. Upon the establishment of the Hungarian Province in 1919, according to the new national boundaries, the province gave up two houses and acquired three others, a church and a residence at Mezökövesd, a novitiate at Erb, and a philosophate at Szeged, the second city of Hungary.

Mezökövesd.—The origin of this church and residence is exceedingly interesting. A Father gave the Exercises to a group of 120 prosperous farmers. At the close of the retreat they subscribed a large sum, and presenting it to the Father, begged him not to abandon them but to build a church and residence in their midst. The generous offer was accepted. Inside of a year both buildings were completed. Contractors furnished the building material and masons and carpenters their labor gratis. When Ours came to take possession, they found the residence stored with sufficient food and fuel to last a whole year.

Szeged.—The Fathers who teach Ours philosophy, lecture weekly on Catholic philosophy in a public hall chiefly for the benefit of university students. Ours at Szeged have recently founded two new organizations. One is a Catholic Defense League, comprising some three hundred prominent Catholic men who are very active in resisting Protestant aggression. The other, a Catholic Parents Association, now

commands such a strong moral influence, that the production of an indecent film or play is now impossible. This association is fostered by a weekly called *Katholikus Ebredés*, (The Catholic Awakening.)

Pécs.—(Fünfkirchen.) Hungarian bishops are very desirous of having our Fathers as spiritual directors of their seminaries. Ours have undertaken this work at Pécs in connection with a college named after Pius X. The college has 150 boarders and 500 day pupils.

Budapest.—After 10 years of heroic labor, Rev. Bela Bangha, S. J., has completed the work of christianizing the Hungarian press. The Central Press Association which he directed so long with conspicuous success, has recently been delivered into the hands of Catholic newspaper men trained by himself for this important work. The Central Press Association is now one of the two largest publishing concerns in Hungary. Three dailies are published, one illustrated weekly, several other reviews and innumerable Catholic books and pamphlets Father Bangha has retained the direction of two Catholic monthlies, *Magyar Cultura*, with 4,000, and *Maria Kongregáció*, with over 15,000 subscribers. The headquarters of these periodicals is a large sodality building with a spacious chapel, lecture rooms, a theatre and a banquet hall. Father Bangha finds time also for organization work and directs his efforts toward reclaiming weak Catholics who have been ensnared by Communism. Thousands of these flock to hear the man, who, during the Red Terror under the dictatorship of Bela Kun, saw his periodicals suppressed and burned, his printing plant destroyed, and he himself proscribed, placards with his picture and description scattered broadcast, and a reward of $2,000 offered for his capture. Naturally, many are either converted or reconciled to the church. A new organization in doing good work among the apprentices and young workmen of Budapest. The Exercises were given recently in three large churches during which time the Burgomeister excused all apprentices from obligatory attendance at night school, with the request that they attend the instructions as a patriotic duty. 20,000 children have been banded into Sentinels of the Sacred Heart, and under the direction of Ours make the Exercises each year. Besides the *Hungarian Messenger*, Ours publish a *Sacred Heart* weekly with 30,000 subscribers, a page of which is devoted regularly to the instruction of these child sentinels. Another important organization is that of The Catholic Women Religious Teachers, who, after finishing a two years' course in philosophy and theology, are given diplomas entitling them to teach religion in Catholic schools. A Catholic Film Society keeps on hand a large number of Catholic films, lantern slides and projection apparatus for circulation in the Catholic schools.

Missions.—One Hungarian Father recently departed for the Chinese Mission and another is to follow shortly. In the fall of 1923, an Hungarian Father is to begin work among the Hungarians of New York.

INDIA. *A Valuable Inscription Discovered at Agra, by Rev. H. Heras, S. J., of St. Xavier's College, Calcutta.*—During my visit to Agra last March, I was told that the Nuns of Jesus and Mary had found an old tomb-stone on the terrace of their convent, which in their opinion might belong to the tomb of Brother Benito de Goes, S. J. In that case it would be a very valuable find, since the tomb of this Brother is, as far as I understand, still unknown. After 1594 he spent many years in Akbar's court either in Lahore or in Agra, and accompanied the Great Emperor through the Deccan. At last in 1603 he was sent northwards by the visitor of India, Father N. Pimenta, through Persia and Tibet, in order to find a way to the Kingdom of Cathay (China); and he died of fatigue and starvation in Su-tcheu, just at the foot of the great Chinese wall. Would it not be strange if the tomb-stone of the famous missionary whose life came to an end on the boundaries of China, should be discovered lying on a house-top in Agra?

Without delay, I paid a visit to the Nuns of Jesus and Mary and questioned them on this subject. The tomb-stone had actually been found in the terrace of their convent as part of the building material, but they did not know anything as to whose tomb it belonged to. It was quite an ordinary whitish grave-stone broken into several pieces, of which only two can be seen at present. Of course, the inscription carved on it could only be a fragmentary one; still it could easily be read as follows:

a Sociis Jesu.
Missionis Sinicæ,
Sancte Vixit Et
Sancte Obiit
Die 8 Aprilis An-
no 1662

On my first reading of it I saw that the words *Missionis Sinicæ* had given ground to fancy that the stone belonged to Brother Goes' grave; but the date of the death was not that of Brother Goes. He had died some years before on April 11, 1607.

True, there was some connection between the missionary whose tomb that stone had belonged to, and the Chinese Mission; but it is more natural to ascribe it to a man coming from China who had died in India. As I am quite familiar with the history of the last Manchu Dynasty of China, a famous name in the history of that mission came at once to my mind, Father Albert Dorville. He was a Belgian who had reached China in the year 1567. During four years, the Province of Shan-si witnessed his zealous missionary work,

and the whole of the scientific world is still admiring his wonderful *Atlas Sinensis*, published with the co-operation of Father Martin Martini. In 1661 he was sent back to Europe by way of Tibet and India, and succumbed to the hardships of the journey at Agra.[1] I could not then compare the date of his death with that of the aforesaid inscription, nor could I go back to the Martyrs' Chapel of the old Christian Cemetery of Agra, where he lies. Seven days later, however, while in Patna, I realized that both dates were the same, Father Albert Dorville's death having occurred on April 8, 1662.

According to Father Felix, O. C.,[2] Father Dorville's tomb in the so-called Martyrs' Chapel bears the following Portuguese inscription:

Aqui lazo Pe.
Alberto Dor
Ville Faleceo
em Agra Aos
8 D'Abril
1662
Belga.

What then does the inscription on the newly discovered tomb-stone mean? Beyond doubt, it must be put side by side with that found by Rev. Father Hyacinth, O. C., in 1913, in the compound of the Cathedral of Agra, and perhaps is one of those "found while digging a well near the convent" of the Sisters in 1875 or 1876, as Rev. Father H. Hosten relates in the *Memoirs of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*.[3]

Thus this discovery proves again that the compound of the present Cathedral of Agra is the site of the old Jesuit mission started in the time of Akbar. The finding of the tomb-stones of two Jesuits seems also to prove that the missionaries were once buried near the church, and were transferred to the Martyrs' Chapel some years later. I hope that other tomb-stones may soon be unearthed to confirm this opinion.

CALCUTTA. *St. Xavier—The Rector's Report.*—"We close the year with 1,477 pupils on the rolls. The count of last year was 1,380, and in 1912 it was 770. St. Xavier's has therefore doubled its numbers within the last decade. 841 attended the University courses, while 636 were admitted into the school department classes. The number of boarders was 110. In the university examinations we have been very successful—65 passed the Intermediate Examination in Arts, 43 in the first, and 19 in the second division: there were only five failures. Many candidates stood very high on

1. Cfr. Heras, La Dinastia Manchu en China, Vol. I., p. 225. Barcelona, 1918..

2. Felix, O. C. Notes on the Jesuit Mission to the Moghul Emperors, p. 27. Simla, without date.

3. Vol. V, No. 4, p. 184.

the list and one secured a scholarship reserved for the highest places. Out of 121 candidates who presented themselves for the intermediate science examination, 114 passed, 83 in the first division and 26 in the second. The results of our first A. B. class were very gratifying indeed, 33 passed out of 41 candidates, 4 with distinction; 10 secured honors in English and two in Arabic. The B. Sc. degree was conferred on 53 students out of 63 who sat for the test, seven obtaining honors in chemistry and one in mathematics and 20 gaining distinction marks. In the Cambridge senior certificate examination our success was even more gratifying. Three boys obtained honors in the first class and two in the third. This record is the highest ever obtained in the school. There were four distinctions in Latin, two in Hindi and one in history. Besides these, nine boys satisfied the examiners. Ten of the successful candidates are entitled to complete exemption from the previous examinations of the University of Cambridge. One of last year's honor boys, with some private tuition from the college, prepared for the higher certificate examination and passed very well. He is now in Oxford taking Honors Moderations in Classics for March, 1924. It is with the greatest pleasure that we record that seven out of the 14 successful candidates of the last senior local examination class joined the University Department last June. If we add to these the Senior boys of other European schools in Bengal, we come to a total of 26 Cambridge students attending our University classes. We may, therefore, conclude that we maintain in the school department that standard of efficiency which allows the boys to apply themselves successfully to higher studies, both in Indian and English universities. It is hoped that many more Christian students will avail themselves of the opportunities afforded them here for higher education in order to equip themselves for professional avocations. In this connection reference was made in a former report to the need of a christian hostel. I am glad to say that preparatory arrangements are in progress, and I trust it will not be long before they are completed and sanction is obtained for undertaking the work."

Missouri Province. Chicago. *The Area Seminary. Precious Manuscripts*—In may be of interest to Ours to know that among the manuscripts that His Grace is collecting for Area there are three or four letters of Father Acquaviva, and ten or twenty letters from prominent Jesuits of the old Society—chiefly French Jesuits. Among the curios is the original decree establishing a second sodality in the Roman College and affiliating it to the Prima Primaria. The document is a heavy, handsome parchment, about the size of our college diplomas, written originally in gold, but now much faded, with a wide illuminated border in colors. It is signed by Father John Paul Oliva. Other documents of special interest to Ours are being arranged for.

CINCINNATI. *St. Xavier College.*—The installation of Father Hubert Brockman as Rector of St. Xavier College took place at dinner on Easter Sunday. The down-town community was present on this occasion. The following evening Father George Leahey's appointment as Superior and Prefect of Studies in the High School was officially announced. Father Gosiger will act as Minister of the Sycamore street community. Father Leahey entered upon his duties at once, and his first act was to arrange a High School program in honor of the retiring, Rector, Father McCabe. Father McCabe's response to the tribute of high appreciation expressed by the students betrayed how keenly he felt the departure from those whose interest he had cherished during his six years at St. Xavier's.

On Easter Monday evening Father McCabe was the honor-guest at an informal reception and dinner, given him by the Alumni Diamond Jubilee Committee. Mr. William C. Wolking, brother of Father F. Wolking, and chairman of the committee, acted as toastmaster, and all the members of the committee and several invited guests made addresses, complimenting Father McCabe on the progress of the college during his administration, and offering their good wishes for his future success. It was announced that 70,000 dollars had been subscribed toward the building of the new dormitory, now in course of construction. When the new dormitory is completed the college will be able to provide accommodation for boarding students for the first time since its pioneer days.

CLEVELAND. *St. Ignatius College. New Property.*—Announcement of the purchase of a new site for the college was made by Father Smith some weeks ago. The property comprising some forty-five acres, is situated in Shaker Heights, one of Cleveland's most popular and rapidly developing suburbs. For the benefit of Clevelanders and those acquainted with Cleveland and environs we might add that our situation is 1000 feet due east of the Warrensville Road, with 800 feet frontage on Fairmount Boulevard. At present we are ten or twelve minutes' walk from the end of the rapid transit line (which connects with the public square in twenty minutes), but in a year, it is believed, the line will be extended as far as our property. Moreover, we are assured that one or two other city lines—the Cedar and the Fairmount—will be run as far as the Warrensville Road in a very short time. Added to this, it may be of some interest to some of our readers to know that University School, which has the reputation of being one of the most exclusive preparatory schools in and around Ohio, has just completed the purchase of a thirty-six acre tract on Fairmount Boulevard immediately across from our property, as the site for its new school. This, if it should do nothing else, assures us of consequential neighbors and a collegiate atmosphere.

Plans for our new college are now in the hands of the architects, and it is Father Rector's ambition to have the "New Ignatius" in full working order not later than September, 1924.

DENVER. *Regis College. Passion Play.*—It is estimated that fully 12,000 people saw the Regis passion play this year. When presented at the City Auditorium on Good Friday, from noon to three o'clock, at the request of the Mayor of Denver, the large house was filled and the doors locked a full half hour before the performance began. Literally thousands were turned away. So great was the throng that Mayor Bailey asked for another performance to follow immediately after the one scheduled. This failing, he asked that it be repeated that evening. Many circumstances made it impossible to repeat the spectacle again.

DETROIT. *The University of Detroit. Lenten Lectures.*—The fact that Father McClorey's lectures were given this Lent in a large downtown auditorium, as well as in the church, has been of much interest to the members of the Province, as it was a new departure. The lectures have always drawn large crowds here as elsewhere, and every Sunday many people had to be turned away. Father McClorey, therefore, this year gave his lectures Sunday nights in the church and on Tuesday evenings in the Arcadia, a splendid hall, seating 5,000 people. Both places were crowded at every lecture and hundreds turned away, even from the Arcadia. In fact there was an average crowd of at least 5,500 there.

ST. LOUIS. *Laying of the Corner Stone of the New High School.*—The corner stone of the new high school was laid on Sunday afternoon, April 15, before a gathering of about 2,000 people. The program was quite brief, consisting of short addresses by the most Reverend Archbishop, Father Rector, and Father Crane (the pastor of Holy Name Parish), the singing of the Star Spangled Banner and the Varsity Song, and the blessing of the corner-stone. The contents of the box in the corner-stone are as follow: Program of Exercises, official document (signed and sealed), diploma of George H. Bacher (A. B., '69), photograph of Mrs. George H. Bacher (donor of $500,000), photograph and medal of Pius XI, catatalogue of the high school, copies of the daily papers (April 15, 1923), copies of student publications, Sacred Heart badge, bottles of holy water and St. Ignatius water. It remains somewhat uncertain when the building will be ready for occupancy.

NEW YORK. *Sources of Masses to be said which were sent to Procurator of the Province from July 1, 1920, to April 1, 1923.*

CHURCH OF THE SOCIETY	July 1, 1920 to July 1, 1921	July 1, 1921 to July 1, 1922	July 1, 1922 to Apr. 1, 1923	Total for each House	Monthly Average
Messenger of the Sacred Heart	11,154	15,022	9,900	36,076	1,093
Gesù, Philadelphia	7,302	9,019	9,087	25,408	770
St. Mary's, Boston	1,780	7,272	5,581	14,633	443
St. Joseph's Church, Phila.	4,130	5,449	2,374	11,953	362
St. Ignatius, New York	3,775	5,700	2,135	11,610	352
St. Francis Xavier, N. Y.	3,161	3,299	3,170	9,630	292
St. Ignatius, Baltimore	2,947	3,394	3,268	9,609	291
The Missionaries	2,373	4,557	2,128	9,058	274
St. Aloysius, Washington	3,000	3,130	2,216	8,346	253
Holy Trinity, Washington	3,005	2,653	2,483	8,141	247
St. Michael's, Buffalo	750	3,875	2,611	7,236	219
St. Peter's, Jersey City	2,839	1,768	593	5,200	158
St. Ann's, Buffalo	2,897	908	774	4,651	141
St. Ignatius, Brooklyn	1,975	1,695	602	4,272	129
Holy Trinity, Boston	1,526	1,949	317	3,792	115
Chaplains of the Islands		231	1,917	2,148	68
Nativity, New York	821	737	491	2,049	62
Immaculate Conception, Boston	493	1,095	395	1,963	59
The Shrine, Auriesville		217	812	1,029	31
Other Sources	578	880	1,043	2,501	76
Yearly Total	54,506	72,902	51,987	179,305	
Monthly Average	4,542	6,075	5,766	5,483	
Weekly Average	1,048	1,402	1,331	1,254	
Daily Average	149	200	190	179	

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. MANILA.—*Work in the San Lazaro Leper Hospital.*—Let me tell you a few facts about some of our extra work at San Lazaro Leper Hospital.

This hospital is in Manila, a big place, where all contagious cases are sent. It is very old, dating back to 1678, I am told, and was a grant from the King of Spain. Originally all lepers were sent there from all over the Islands, but now it is only a local sub-station to Culion, with only about 300 leprosy cases to the latter's 5,000.

One of our Fathers, Father Anguela is chaplain there, and he takes care of Sunday Mass, administering of the Sacraments, etc. I became acquainted with the place last Septem-

ber. Our sodality was organizing among the day scholars of the college, and in imitation of the boarders' sodality here, we decided on helping the poor in the hospitals, and very fortunately we directed our steps towards this city of misery.

Fortunately, because the sick poor there had practically no other source of relief, and the city's grants were decidedly inadequate. Our first work was to distribute ice-drops, a native concoction of flavored ice wrapped in paper. But the first Sunday was a dismal failure. Four sodalists and I arrived at the hospital, but the ice-drops didn't; the dealer could not find the place, perhaps, and after an hour's wait we went home, our efforts fruitless, excepting that our first-hand knowledge had shown us that cigarettes and candy would be gifts just as welcome and far easier to handle.

So for several months of a Sunday morning or Sunday afternoon, from three to seven of the boys visited the wards. At first I accompanied them, but soon they learned how to handle the whole affair themselves. There was considerable doubling up for a while; some of the patients didn't scruple promptly to pocket their gift, and come back for another. But this was obviated by placing the *cigarillos* at the place of residence only, the bed. We had candy for the children, but most of the women preferred the weed. And every time, *estampitas*, little holy pictures were requested. And this not only by the women, but by the men also, although, as always, the gentler sex showed themselves more devoted.

Other little helps we gave also, magazines and a number of cinema shows and illustrated lectures. Then two nights before Christmas a loaded Ateneo truck drove up to the hospital containing two Jesuits and eight sodalists, a few thousand cigarettes and much candy, and a couple of hundred fairly good magazines and a cinema show. It was appreciated by the lepers, and we topped it off with a special holy picture with Ateneo Xmas wishes printed on the back. We found time this evening also to visit the insane, about 350 of them, and give them cigarettes. It was the first gift of the kind they had gotten for many a long day.

Relief work of this kind would seem to be fitting work for any son of St. Ignatius anywhere, but in Manila it is especially proper, because the hospital facilities here are wretched. Much is said of the wonderful Philippine General Hospital, and it is justly praised, but it is only a bright exception to the general wretchedness. Outside of Manila, hospitals are almost unknown, in Manila, very unfit. The primary reason is lack of money. The lepers at San Lazaro have an aged building 150 years old. It is crowded; eating equipment and food are poor, as are sanitary conditions. During 1922 they were entertained with two diversions only, and these were provided by Ateneo boys. Worse still are the poor insane people. A visit to them is sickening, and not so much because of their mental condition, as because of

the odors and sights that are experienced. About 250 of the men have no cots, but sleep on a piece of matting or on the cold concrete floor itself. Some twenty of them refuse to wear any clothes, and really the whole method of eating and sleeping and existing-in-between reminds one more of beasts than of men. They are very tractable patients; three guards, unarmed, suffice for all. Only about fifteen are in cells. But what cells! One cannot put the details in a letter.

And, dear Father, remember that most of the relief work is being done by the students, with us Jesuits only directing.

You can see, then, why we are so pleased with the Ateneo boys. I do not know of any other schools anywhere where such a percentage of the students are engaged in such work.

They show great charity and fidelity, with occasional lapses, of course. Some of the more repugnant tasks sickened me, but the boys with me—older and stronger lads whom I had chosen especially—shamed me by their indifference. And very few have deserted their posts, even though there is some slight danger of catching the dread leprosy. Is not this a highly admirable brand of charity to be found in boys?

To give a fair impression, however, I must add that some pressure is brought to bear on them. What pressure? It takes the form of the following syllogism. Every sodalist must perform some kind of help-your-neighbor work. But you wish to be a sodalist. Therefore you must do some work.

Thus the Jesuit sodality is forming, God grant, seeds of life-long habits of charity.

During the last two months we have changed our methods quite considerably. We started a catechism centre for the lepers, and instead of the previous promiscuous distribution of gifts, we assign them as rewards for attendance and good recitation at the class. The boys are also managing this, and with success. I will wager that this is one of the few Sunday schools in the world where classes are held in five distinct languages. Most, of course, speak Tagalog, the Manila natives dialect, but also many wish English and Spanish, and some few Visayan and Pamapugan. I have more volunteers for this class than I can use. We have six regular teachers now, and they have so divided the pupils, ranging in age from six to fifty years—that all get a familiar language. They begin by teaching them how to bless themselves—a very involved proceeding here—then follow hymns, prayers, and the usual questions and answers of a No. 1 Catechism. One class of ten men, uses an advanced English book, and is taught by one of our freshmen, Mr. Flaviano Yenko. He pays close attention during apologetics' hour at the Ateneo, and then the following Sunday unloads his knowledge on his pupils. He is a good teacher, but one Sunday his sickness forced us to substitute another

to teach. The class promptly proposed to the new teacher the difficulties which Yenko had proposed to them the previous Sunday, and soon had the new professor high in the air. Fortunately I was present, and was soon able to show them that even the Divinity of Christ and the authenticity of the bible could easly be proven by anyone with a knowledge of Catholic apologetics.

Next year we hope to unify the catechetical work done by Ateneo boys, and I think our results will be doubled or tripled. The need of such work is acute. This Catholic country is educating a large majority of its children in schools that teach no religion, and any little works we can do on the side, of this nature, will help to stem the tide of indifference that threatens.

GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S.J.

Ateneo Battalion Wins Carnival Cups.—The Ateneo defeated the cream of Manila's inter-scholastic cadet corps in the competition at carnival, February 4th. It had the biggest battalion on the field, the best drilled, the best uniforms, the best music. They performed more maneuvers, and performed them better. The judges said so, and so said the crowd.

The competition began early in the morning of February 4th. Wallace Field never saw such a huge crowd. The grandstand was packed and many had to stand around the field under the heat of the sun to see the maneuvers. Seven schools were represented,—Manila North High, U. P. High, Ateneo de Manila, North School, Rizal High, South High and National University High. Every organization, before its turn came, remained outsite the carnival grounds, not seeing the maneuvers that were ordered by the judges. The battalion of Ateneo entered with drum and bugle corps in front, and from the time it entered the gate until, twenty minutes later, it dismissed the companies, applause from the onlookers rang successively through the air.

In "column of squads" they first encircled the parade ground. The bright blue and white uniforms shone spotlessly in the sunlight, a beautiful contrast to the green sward underneath. And their size was impressive,—it seemed as if the squads would never end. We had twelve platoons, four more than any other competitor. This was very significant, since Ateneo is much smaller numerically then some of the other schools. It proved that we were not selecting merely the more stalwart boys of the school for the battalion, but giving every boy in the school a chance to benefit by it.

After the manual of arms came the parade. Here Ateneo again was conspicuous, for we were the only school to parade in a regular army formation, in close-line formation, for use with war strength companies. It was performed so excellently that a colonel of the United States Army stationed

here, remarked: "I have never seen regular army troops do better".

The winning of the carnival cup was followed, two days later, by another splendid victory—the capturing of the first prize in the educational parade. Never did the gallant Ateneo Battalion do better. Each platoon was like a perfect machine with all its parts working in harmony. This second victory was in one sense more glorious than the first, because in the educational parade we were declared the winners over the two university regiments.

ZAMBOANGA. *Holy Week and Easter in Zamboanga.*—Zamboanga, the capital of the large southern island of Mindanao, is prettily situated on the sea, at the south of that portion of the island which bends westward, like a swan's neck, over the Celebes Sea. For miles cocoanut groves spread around it, and the town itself, greatly enlarged and improved within a dozen years, is full of activity. It is the head of the diocese, which comprises the entire island, its church of the Immaculate being now a Cathedral.

Here Spanish is spoken, and the people are nearly all Catholics. They are fond of the old manifestations of Catholic faith—shrines, lifelike and lifesize crucifixes, the much-favored altar of Our Lady, wayside crosses, and so on.

At the Pontifical High Mass at eight o'clock on Holy Thursday, the church could scarcely contain the worshippers, who remained to the end of the long and impressive service, which included the blessing of the Holy Oils. By a great and unexpected favor, I was appointed to say Mass at four, and at this mass, a great number—nearly all were to communicate—received Holy Communion. In the evening, the church was again crowded for *Tenebrae*, the Bishop presiding. The *Lamentations* were sung, in part, by the choir, and there was a sermon, notwithstanding the length of the office: it was telling and eloquent, for the occasion was favorable. The procession of Good Friday was an event of the year: almost literally encircled the town, as it slowly passed through the much larger multitude which watched it. The statues of the Divine Savior scourged, and again carrying His cross, the bare cross itself, the sorrowful Mother, St. Veronica, and other great figures, carried reverently through the silent crowd, impressed upon these simple minds the great lessons of the day. On Saturday morning there were two processions; one carrying the statue of the Risen Savior, another the grieving Mother. Their meeting represented the first apparition of Our Lord after His resurrection. These processions began before the dawn, and at this early hour the pious people would not miss the *Meeting* (of the Son and the Mother).

A native priest was ordained on Holy Saturday, to the great joy of Monsignor Clos. A lady and gentleman of prominence were present as sponsors in the sanctuary. At

the end of the Mass, they presented the basin and towel to wash his hands, and poured on them some perfumed liquor, after which, Father Melecio presented his hands to be kissed by the great congregation of men, women and children. The godfather offered pious pictures to all; and in the afternoon of Easter prepared a reception in honor of the first Mass. On Easter Sunday morning, I had two and one-half hours of confessions, beginning at 4.30 A.M. This is not an unusual thing on Sundays and great feasts in Zamboanga. A number of these confessions are made by the young people of the high school and government dormitory. They confess in English, and quite correctly and frequently.

After Easter I was sent to Cotabato, about 160 miles east, above the Celebes Sea, and up the great, double-mouthed Pulangin River. This flows through the land of the Moro, and the scene is little changed in a dozen years. Cotabato is small. It is overlooked by a conical hill, on which stand the quarters of the Filipino Constabulary, erected on the ruins of a Spanish fort. This hill was the scene of a terrible conflict between a multitude of Moros and a small Spanish force long ago, when the famous Father Mastrilli was their chaplain.

The Catholic missions in the region about Catabato were very flourishing under the Spanish flag, especially amongst the Tirurayes. At present, there being only one priest in Cotabato, practically nothing can be done among these far-scattered, yet promising tribes. Cotabato itself is favorably situated as a mission center on the great riverway, especially since there have been established Colonies of Visayan and other Catholics, at intervals, far up the river and below its mouths. These colonies number thousands, and urgently call for a missionary or two to look after them.

D. LYNCH, S.J.

ROME. *Beatification of Cardinal Bellarmine.*—The last of the three beatifications announced for this spring took place on May 13, when the Venerable Robert Bellarmine, of the Society of Jesus, was proclaimed blessed. Cardinal Merry del Val pontificated at the ceremonies of beatification which were carried out with unusual pomp. An unusually large number of Cardinals took part in the sacred functions, among them the two Jesuits Cardinals, Billot and Ehrle, Cardinals Vannutelli, Granito del Belmonte, Vico, Gasparri, Secretary of State to his Holiness, Bonzano, lately Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Van Rossum, Frühwirth, Scapinelli and others. The Armenian Patriarch was also present, and with him a delegation of ecclesiastics and laymen from Bellarmine's archiepiscopal see of Capua, as well as the Bishop of Montepulciano, the diocese in which the new blessed was born. With these there assisted representatives

of the Bellarmine family on the paternal side, as well as of the Siennese Cervinis, from which Bellarmine's mother, a sister of Pope Marcellus II, was descended. The general of the Jesuits, with his official family, was also present. At the afternoon ceremonies, when the Pope came down to the Basilica of St. Peter's to pray before the picture of the newly beatified, the archdiocese of Capua was especially honored when the Archbishop of that See pontificated at Benediction.

The body of Cardinal Bellarmine has been removed from the church of the Gesù, where it rested for more than 300 years, and taken to the Church of St. Ignatius, where, according to a wish expressed in his will, it will remain by the side of Cardinal Bellarmine's pupil, St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

RUSSIA. *The Papal Russian Relief Expedition.*—At the very moment that the world is stark with horror at the Red Soviets, and all the records of paganism are outdone by the law forbidding the teaching of religion to God's little ones, the report of the glorious work of charity now conducted in that same Russia by the Catholic Church reaches us. Father Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., sending in his account to the National Catholic Welfare Council, writes, under date of March 16, that 95,000 Russians were then being fed by Catholic charity, and that sufficient stock had now been accumulated in the various stations from which the Catholic charities are dispensed to feed steadily 120,000 persons from March 30 until July 15. Besides this work of mercy many thousands of the poor Russian people have been freely supplied with clothing, and medicine to the value of $50,000 has been distributed among the sick. A preliminary calculation of the administrative expenses shows that the distribution and control by Catholic hands of approximately $1,000,000 worth of relief supplies will not be found to have exceeded $15,000. The number of Russians who have been employed in various services has totaled 1,700. Father Walsh takes occasion to assure American Catholics through the N. C. W. C. that the funds are being forwarded in goodly sums and are at once devoted to the urgent needs of the poor Russian people.

SOUTH AFRICA. *Bulawayo—Special Mass and Office.*—It will be remembered that towards the conclusion of the Missionary Conference held at Bulawayo last June, all the Fathers present voted that a petition be forwarded to the Holy See begging for permission to celebrate the feast of the Uganda martyrs, with special Mass and Office, throughout the prefecture of the Zambesi Mission. Thanks to the efforts of Father Assistant, Very Rev. Father H. Walmesley, this petition was promptly presented and urged, with the result, we are happy to say, that it has been already granted by the Sovereign Pontiff. The formal permission was sent in a rescript from the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated

August 21, 1922. The date on which the feast is to be kept has not yet been made known to us.

The granting of this feast is a very important event in the history of the Zambesi Mission. It will cause the greatest joy among all our native Christians, and each year as the feast comes round our missionaries will have a special opportunity to bring to the remembrance of their flocks the heroic story of the young Christian boys and youths of Uganda who courageously braved torture and death rather than violate the law of God; and they will drive home the lesson of courage and constancy under difficulty and temptation so eloquently taught by these glorious young martyrs. This lesson, more than any other, has to be insisted upon in the case of our young converts. They are, generally speaking, full of good will, but many of them are weak-kneed and liable to fall away in time of special temptation. The example of the holy native martyrs of Uganda ought to strengthen their weakness and confirm their resolutions.

South Dakota. *A Retreat to Catechists—Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, March 8, 1923.*—During Holy Week, I gave the second annual retreat to my catechists, in Oglalla, South Dakota. Many times have they asked me for it. Their first retreat, which they had last year, made quite an impression on them. "What I know," said Alexander Two Two, a few weeks ago, "I chiefly learned in the retreat last year." On the third day of that retreat, Nick Black Elk came to me with this very worthy resolution: "We catechists resolve never to commit a mortal sin." Louis P. Mousseau said, "I will never miss a retreat, even if it should cost me ten dollars to attend it." Nick Black Elk wished to invite all the Sioux catechists to the coming retreat. This is not practicable, however, because all cannot be spared from the mission at the same time. Besides, the traveling is expensive, and consumes much time. It is quite convenient, however, to make arrangements for our catechists here on Pine Ridge and Rosebud, and Father Goll has kindly consented to bear the expenses.—Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., in *The Indian Sentinel.*

S. Rhodesia. Salisbury—*Note from Rev. F. Johanny, S.J., March 18, 1923.*—Things out here are so dislocated that we are all wondering how we shall carry on our work. The crops failed last year owing to the short and scanty rainy season, and our people had a taste of famine: this season the rains are so prolonged and heavy that the maize crops and others—maize is our staple food—are getting mouldy and rotting. That's Africa all over: a land of extremes, too dry or too wet, too hot or too cold. There you come across snow under the equator; may be roasted in the day and frozen in the night.

I am just back from Suluwago—300 miles from this place, the administrative capital—I had gone there to meet and

instal into office our new Superior and Prefect Apostolic, Father Robert L. Brown. His Reverence must be known to several of ours across the pond, for he worked for seven years at the observatory in the Philippines. After seven years spent in *Auld Reekie* he is glad to bask again in the real South African sunshine.

Prayers—and perhaps an occasional alms—even, who knows? A volunteer will help to keep up our courage.

With all good wishes, I remain,

Yours sincerely in Xt.

F. JOHANNY, S.J.

WASHINGTON, *St. Aloysius Church—Notre Dame's Golden Jubilee.*—Notre Dame de Namur Alumnae celebrated the golden jubilee of the founding of the Academy of Notre Dame by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, with a Solemn Pontifical Mass in St. Aloysius' Church on Sunday, May 6, at eleven o'clock. The most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi presided; Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University of America, was the celebrant; the Rev. John C. Geale, S.J., deacon of honor; the Rev. David J. Roche, S.J., deacon; the Rev. William J. Brooks. S. J., subdeacon, and the Rev. Edward J. Sweeney, S. J., delivered the sermon. The program also included a concert and reception for the Sisters and alumnae from three to six in the afternoon.

Retrospect—Notre Dame—1873-1923.—On March 7, 1873, three Sisters of Notre Dame, Sister Lidwine, Sister Clare and Sister Mary Clemence, came, with the approbation of Monsignor Bayley and the permission of the Reverend Father Keller, provincial superior of the Jesuits, to make the foundation of their order in Washington.

The convent, which had been presented to them by Mrs. Sherman, wife of General William T. Sherman, and the ladies engaged with her in charitable works, stood on the corner of North Capitol and K Streets, a location rather isolated in those days. The school, which, to say the least, was lacking in a few of our modern conveniences, was several squares distant, First Street, between Eye and K Street. By September, the community had increased in numbers to eight, and the work of the first year proceeded hopefully until June, when, at the request of the Reverend Father Jamison, the first distribution of premiums was held.

The first days were a struggle for all who had undertaken to lead the little ones to God by means of a Christian education, but self-sacrificing hearts were not lacking. The Reverend Rector, James Clarke, never failed the Sisters in their need, and God inspired many generous friends to lend timely assistance. Noble-hearted parents, too, content to know that God alone took note of their toil, rejoiced that their sacrifices were procuring for their children the Christian training that would, at one and the same time, plant the seeds of knowledge and guide their wills aright.

In 1874 Father Jenkins was appointed Rector and his courage never flagged till a fine new school house stood on the corner of North Capitol and Myrtle Streets, commemorative of his zeal. It was a move that did much to raise the girls' school to a high level of excellence, providing, as it did, surroundings that harmonized with the ideals of culture and refinement that one associates with a convent school, and which are evident today in the graduates who have gone forth from this school of Notre Dame.

Meanwhile Sister Clare continued her apostolic work of instructing the converts who came in numbers to her catechism classes or sought her special counsel in time of trials. Many of the boys of the parish, too, received from her the words of instruction and advice that helped to make their young hearts a fitting tabernacle for our dear Lord in their first Holy Communion.

In June, 1920, the alumnæ held their farewell meeting in the old academy, from which more than two hundred young ladies had been graduated. New accommodations had been found necessary, and the loyalty of the alumnæ, ever faithful to the Reverend Jesuit Fathers and to Notre Dame, was beautifully shown in the earnestness with which they entered the contest undertaken to provide the necessary funds. This building adjoins the boys' school, of which the Sisters took charge in 1915, and the two together form one of the finest educational groups in the city. Here the work of the Sisters continues, affording a classical course not only to the children of the parish, but to young ladies from various sections of the city. The number of graduates completing the course this year is thirty-one.

A business course has also been offered the last three years, and the grade of work done is high, since no one is admitted to it who has not completed four years of high school work. Twelve graduates received diplomas in June.

WORCESTER. *Holy Cross College—Building Operations.*—With the advent of spring, building activities upon the hill have been renewed. The iron fence, begun last fall, extending from the Blackstone to Linden Lane, has finally reached completion. Work upon the foundation of the new chapel is progressing so rapidly that the structure should be finished on the scheduled December 1.

HOME NEWS. For many years the blacksmith shop has been located in a shed adjoining the printing shop, which occupies the first floor of the White House. Recently the former was transferred to new quarters in the engine house. Here the Brother has fine, up-to-date quarters, with new chimney, bellows, etc., and a lightsome machine shop in the upper floor of the building.

New Well.—Our new artesian well, completed some months ago, has been supplying the water for the house for

some weeks. A new pump, now housed in a newly built pumping station fills the tanks three times daily. The well furnishes sixty gallons of water per minute.

Ordinations.—The ordinations took place, as usual, at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., on June 26, 27 and 28. His Grace Archbishop Michael J. Curley raised the following to the subdiaconate, the diaconate and the priesthood: Francis E. Bowen, Leopold Brellinger, Vachel J. Brown, John H. Gampp, James A. Greeley, H. C. Greenwell, Hugh S. Healy, Aloysius J. Hogan, Robert E. Holland, William P. Kearney, Aloysius B. Langguth, Thomas J. Love, Joseph L. Lucas, Francis E. Lucey, John T. McGrory, William F. McHale, Raymond J. McInnis, Hugh J. McLaughlin, Paul A. McNally, Aloysius J. Mulry, Robert A. Parsons, Charles M. Roddy, Daniel H. Sullivan, William A. Whalen. Of these Father Brellinger is from the Austrian Province, and Fathers Greeley, Kearney and Mulry belong to the New Orleans Province.

The Campaign for Funds.—In compliance with the wishes of Father Provincial, the scholastics at Woodstock conducted a rather modest campaign to obtain money for the Jesuit Seminary Fund. Ten thousand dollars was the amount aimed at, and the work went forward steadily under the double patronage of St. Joseph and St. Ignatius. The sum received at the end of May was $12,255 for the Seminary Fund and several generous donations directly for Woodstock. Although the campaign as such has been stopped for over a month, the donations still continue to come in. The letters which accompany the donations show clearly the great affection for the Society which exists in the hearts of the faithful for whom we are laboring.

The April disputations took place on the 13th and 14th of the month. In Theology—*De Traditione et Sacra Scriptura*, Mr. Paul Carasig, defender; Mr. James J. McDermott and Mr. John A. Tobin, objectors. *De Actu Fidei*, Mr. John J. Heenan, defender; Mr. Aloysius J. Kelsch and Mr. Edward S. Pouthier, objectors. In Philosophy—*Ex Ethica*, Mr. James P. Moran, defender; Mr. Horace B. McKenna and Mr. John S. O'Conor, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*, Mr. Ellwood F. McFarland, defender; Mr. Frederick A. Gallagher and Mr. Francis J. McDonald, objectors. *Ex Critica et Ontologia*, Mr. William L. Johnson, defender; Mr. George J. Kirchgessner and Mr. Philip X. Walsh, objectors. *Experimental Psychology*, "The Sense of Sight," lecturer, Mr. Eugene A. Gisel.